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MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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And when this was accomplished he would leave the mining districts and retire to comfort and happiness in some beautiful home near the sea, as his uncle had done. Then Miriam should be happy in her elegant home, and he—well, he would be the proudest, happiest husband in England.

Together the happy couple planned the future, as they occupied the pleasant, quiet compartment carrying them to Bradford.

"That seems a koinde of happy omen, though," mused Peggy, watching the sunshine checker the dancing shadows at her feet. "Koinde o' happy, but me heart is broken for a' that," and she wrapped her withered hands in her linen apron and crept along stealthily toward the Hall.

"But the swate mistress is boun' to have love and gude thratement where she's goin', an' that's more than she would wh from the masther, the darlint."

Through the clustering oaks she passed in fear of being seen by Sir Rupert, notwithstanding he was pretty sure to stay in his own apartments the remainder of the day. "An' conscience makes cowards av the whole av us," she muttered, slipping through the shrubbery like some guilty thing bound for a friendly covert.

Poor old Peggy! She had parted with all that was left her to love of the proud family which had known her as housekeeper for years.

The bonnie brown hair that Ancil had praised so much had grown white in the service of the great Hall.

She dragged herself into the servants' quarters, where old Ancil was waiting her return in great trepidation, and sat down, moaning and rocking herself to and fro in the extravagant manner of her countrywomen, expressing her inconsolable grief. Ancil said nothing, but his bearded lip quivered as he sipped his ale, and his little blue eyes filled with tears as he looked at his wife.

Sir Rupert, feeling weary and somewhat indisposed, had his dinner served in his own apartments, and never did James serve at a quieter hour.

Sir Rupert said but a word or two, and those were low monosyllables; the servants, knowing of Miriam's flight, went steathily about their several duties, as if they feared the very walls would cry out and implicate them.

James came and went like a thief fearing detection, and whenever his master looked his way he grew pale with fear; but as Sir Rupert asked no questions he was glad that the revelation had not been his to make, and that the austere father remained in ignorance as yet of his daughter's flight and subsequent marriage.

"Oh! the disclosure," muttered he, as he came down stairs with the trencher, and he shivered in anticipation of the morrow.

CHAPTER X.

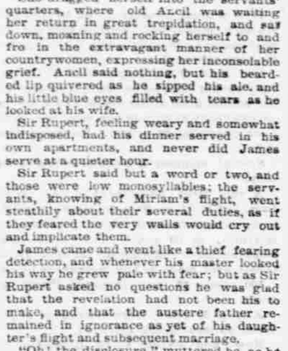
"Howly mother! an' we'll put it off till the crack o' doom if we can," Peggy ejaculated later, when Sir Rupert had retired, and the servants had all huddled around her in the west wing to hear the details of Miriam's departure. Nothing suited her better than to entertain them in her graphic way and impassioned manner with weird and strange recitals of fortunes possible and impossible, and often she had held them spell-bound until the great clock of the central hall warned them of midnight.

"But ye all know full well," she reflected, "that the masther *will be* knowin' uv it termorrer by some manes, an' mark ye," moving her right index slowly around the circle like the finger of destiny, "mark ye, there's not a mother's son of ye knows a single wurrud of the rumun' away whin the masthur's wrath runs hoigh." And all promised with one accord to faithfully keep their knowledge a secret for the "Swate childer's sake," Peggy said, while her auditors knew full well that it was for her own sake as much, and more, than for Miriam's that they were enjoined to such secrecy.

"An' we must kape the saycret for the loife uv us," supplemented the housekeeper once more, as they were about to separate for the night; "ye know if ye don't we'll be whooped out o' the Hall quickern' a wink; ony way, maybe we'll be kilt roight on the spot, an' which is wurrust uv the two Oi'm not to say."

At breakfast the next morning Sir Rupert settled himself in his accustomed seat and looked about him; he would wait for Miriam, something he scarcely remembered of having to do, she being an habitual early riser.

The butler stood respectfully near, quaking in every limb, in dire anticipation of the impending storm about to burst over



"YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?"

their unlucky heads, and perhaps sweep them from Heatherleigh like chaff.

"Miriam is late," said Sir Rupert. "Call the housekeeper."

Clarkson was waiting in the next room, and at a look from the terrified James came forward as if by magic, halting at a respectful distance, demure and innocent looking enough to win the favor of anyone, however austere.

It was evident that she was in better trim for the emergency than her fellow-servants were.

"Ask the maid if Miriam is ill," the master commanded, rather than said. Then he relapsed into a silence to be felt. He was thinking that perhaps the disagreement of the day before had unnerved the almost heart-broken daughter. Perhaps he had been too harsh—ah! perhaps he had.

Little did he dream when he asked for the maid that she had gone. Declaring that she would not stay to hear the anathemas sure to fall, little Mary Ferris had left only a few hours after her mistress went away; and, at the time the master of Heatherleigh called for her, she was relating again the instances in connection with the flight of Miriam to the dwellers of her father's vine-covered cottage, some three miles from the Hall.

Clarkson went, without a moment's hesitation, in search of the girl, whom she knew to be far enough away. "Howly mother," she murmured, as she went upstairs, "defind us in swate marcy! The masther'll be for the killin' av us all in less an no toime. Oi feel it in me bones."

Opening the door of Miriam's room she peeped in cautiously, as if fearing that the woeful tradition had taken form unto itself and was but waiting to slay the first intruder. Then, remembering the fair, proud face of its late occupant, Peggy went over to the bed and knelt for a moment in prayer, making the sign of the cross as she did so.

"Oh, me darlint, me swate mauvourneen, an' it's a towerin' pashun yer faythur'll be in!"

After giving vent to her excited grief for a moment longer, she went down stairs slowly and, as she afterward expressed it, "with me heart a-jumpin' roight in me mouth."

"An' shure an' the maid must be shlaping; an' Miss Miriam isn't in her 'partments at all, sir."

"Not there! Then where the deuce is she? Speak!" he thundered, bringing his clenched hand down on the table with such force that the silver echoed to the china service an' inkling of his wrath.

"An' indade it's not Oi that kin tell ye, masthur," answered Clarkson, the wild look deepening in her large blue eyes. "Faith, sir, an' Oi haven't set eyes on her blissed self since she went a-walkin' in the park on yesterdiry—'dade Oi haven't, sir."

"And you!" cried Sir Rupert, jumping up and facing the terrified butler.

Poor James shrank back from the towering form of his wrathful master, wishing he might shrink into space for the time, and stammered out that he "thought he had heard Miriam in the hall the previous evening."

For a minute Sir Rupert stood irresolute, looking about him. Suddenly it dawned on him that she might have flown—gone with that impudent, poverty-stricken Fairfax.

This exasperated him beyond endurance, and he fairly shrieked out his next words in angry accusation.

"You are lying, sir; playing the role of hypocritical innocence. She has gone, I verily believe, with that rascally lover of hers; and you are all knowing to it—all in the plot to deprive me of my authority—my daughter."

He waved his trembling hand toward the group of frightened, white-faced servants, who had assembled in the hallway, and stood watching, with bated breath, their passionate master. Having delivered this scathing accusation, he strode past them, bound for Miriam's rooms, and bent on an investigation for himself.

After a fruitless search for the willful daughter whom he had loved and hated alternately all her life, he came down again, breathing vengeance "on the whole crew" for their perfidy, and vowing that it would not be good for them if found treacherous to the interests of Heatherleigh.

"I want the chaise at once!" he yelled, eyeing the coachman wrathfully. "I will sift this matter. He who defies a Percival might as well dare the Almighty," he continued in thunder tones. "I am going to see if she—if they break over my authority in this daring manner."

The parting words of young Fairfax, to which he gave but little heed at the time, aside from treating them contemptuously, rang in his ears now like calls of an avenging angel. It looked now very much as if Fairfax had not spoken idle words.

In a short time the Heatherleigh trap was flying along the quiet lanes at a break-neck speed, and the whole country side was wondering at its haste. Bent on revenge for this insolent disobedience, he spared no pains to overtake the runaways.

"Hi, there!" he shouted to a man whom he knew, and to whom, at any other time, he would not have deigned to speak, "Hi,

"NOT THERE! THEN WHERE IS SHE?"

there! Do you know of the whereabouts of Arthur Fairfax at present?"

The laborer doffed his cap and answered, respectfully:

"Truly, I can not tell you, sir, yet I heard that he was married last evening at All Saints."

With a muttered imprecation he sped on, and soon the pretty little chapel of Fairlight was passed. Earle Fairfax, whose handsome villa smiled down on the fair, quiet churchyard of All Saints, would know, perhaps, all about the disgraceful affair.

To that residence he must be driven, and subsequently the Heatherleigh trap dashed up the drive of the Fairfax home. The horse was covered with foam and dust, and, on the whole, Earle Fairfax thought he had never seen quite such a pitiable sight. A jaded horse, choking with dust, the liveried coachman white and trembling with excitement and the master of Heatherleigh in such an excited passion of rage and pique that he scarcely managed to be understood.

"They, Miriam and Arthur, were married in the chapel last evening; yes. And by this time are pretty well on their way to Bradford, I should judge."

After Earle Fairfax had imparted this bit of news laconically, Sir Rupert cursed his luck and turned his horse's head homeward.

"You knew nothing of this?" he questioned, glaring at his coachman, while they were returning slow-paced and weary, seeming to forget that individual was included in the morning's condemnation.

"No, master; 'pon honor," answered meek-eyed John, turning faint with fear lest his master should order him down and off and go on without him. But Sir Rupert said nothing more and was silent all the rest of the way back to Heatherleigh.

Sir Rupert alighted at the inner gate shutting off the long avenue of elms, and rushed in alone over the flagged pavement, across the terrace and into the hall, more like a lunatic than the feeble old man that he was. John drove off toward the stables, glad to his heart's center of the opportunity of putting space between the irate master and himself once more.

"They are gone; married and gone!" Sir Rupert shouted in desperation, banging the massive doors after him as he entered. "Henceforth she is no daughter of mine!"

Poor frightened Clarkson was the only one present to hand, courteseying meekly, she answered: "Yes, masthur." Then under her breath she could not help murmuring: "Oi'me so sorry! Poor childer!"

The father heard and partly understood the sympathetic words in reference to his daughter, and, in his present state of excitement and anger, he could fully brook a word to the contrary. Turning wrathfully upon the sympathetic Hibernian he shouted: "I will not have a word of your puling sympathy, Clarkson. Miriam is poor enough now, God knows! without making mention of it."

Peggy cowered under the frown of the eagle eye bent on her offending head, and the master of Heatherleigh strode on by her, and went upstairs to his apartments. "Send James to me immediately," he called in authoritative tones from the first landing, where he sat down for a moment's rest.

The housekeeper went in search of the butler with hastening step. "Shure an' the masthur's mad as an owl: it botes the very haythun how angry he is. He's all tore up an' he's afthur wantin' ye's this minute; an' it's the lolkes of ye to be hurryin' roight off."

James ran upstairs to the bidding, and almost flew along the shadowy corridors, bent on obeying his master's behest, and shortly stood before him. The quiet, airy peacefulness of Sir Rupert's apartments contrasted strangely with the stormy soul of its occupant.

The breeze that came in over the open casement from the sea, fresh and sweet, only fanned an aged face flushed with anger, played with whitened locks timidly, and died amid the silken curtains unheeded.

Nature and nature's soothing influence had no part in the thoughts of the proud soul seething in its own wrath. No; the legendary curse had fallen, and Sir Rupert as one of the victims was busy trying to cope with its influence.

"You sent for me, sir?" questioned James, softly, the strange light in his master's face startling him.

"Yes, I did," returned Sir Rupert, savagely. "Have my dinner here in an hour. Since that undutiful daughter of mine has gone with that beggar I'll have no one dine with me hereafter; I'll take my meals in my apartments up here. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir," answered the butler, meekly.

"And hereafter I do not want her name mentioned in my house; she has forfeited all right to Heatherleigh, and henceforth she is no child of the Percivals. Now I wish you to remember what I have said." And with an impatient wave of his hand he bade the butler retire, and leave him alone for the nonce.

With another meek "yes, sir," James glided out of the presence of his master, and down-stairs as if the evil genius of the Hall was at his unfortunate heels.

"Lord! what a passion the master is in," communicated he when among his fellow servants in the wing once more. And excitedly, and perhaps with some exaggeration, he repeated Sir Rupert Percival's words.

"Howly St. Pathrick," groaned old Ancil Clarkson from his corner, where he sat with his accustomed mug of ale on his knee, forgetful, for the time, of its delicious ness in the blood-curdling topic of the "master's wrath."

"You may go down now, and if I need you I will ring for you; otherwise I want no one near me to-night," Sir Rupert said an hour later, as the punctual butler set down the tray at his master's elbow.

James was not summoned again that evening, and feeling relieved he joined the servants' circle once more, and around the wide chimney, whose flickering flames and glowing embers lighted up their earnest faces, they sat and speculated as to where this last estrangement would lead.

The next day brought a great change in the manner of the master of Heatherleigh. It was as if he had gone through some great sea of sorrow. Absent and softened in tone and gesture, he wandered aimlessly about the Hall, thinking.

He opened Lady Percival's apartments and walked through the long-silent rooms, touching little mementoes of her care here and there gently, as if in communion with the dead.

After this, he took down Miriam's portrait from where it hung by her mother's, over the marble mantel in Lady Percival's private parlor, and carried it away to the lonely gallery. Pausing at the end of the row of fated portraits, he looked long and earnestly on the clear, fine features of his beautiful daughter, and then said half audibly: "Miriam! my daughter, Miriam, I am alone! I am unable to undo what I have done; and, too, a Percival never eats his words.

"I would have saved you, my child, could I have done so; but the fatality of the family has overtaken you, and what could your poor, desolate father do? You have forsaken Heatherleigh for a poverty-stricken companion, and have gone with the choice of your heart, as did Allan here. Alas! Allan, that I have now no brother! Alas! Miriam, that I now have no child. Henceforth you are dead to me; good-bye—aye, worse, farewell!"

Having kissed the portrait of the proud, willful child, he hung it up for a moment for another view of the sweet face. "Truly she was regal then," he said, with a deep sigh. Then he turned the face of his daughter to the wall with a shiver, and sealed the doom of his motherless child.

After this he tottered upstairs to his apartments with much feebler step than he had ever known. Surely this was, by far, the greatest sorrow of his long, loveless existence. Ah! yes, it was the hardest blow he had ever experienced.

Bereaved of his beautiful wife, whom he loved tenderly, how crushed and sorrowful his days had been in the great, lonely Hall.

But he knew where she was resting; this other bereavement, why, this was so different, so different! Poor Miriam! he knew nothing of her wandering away; perhaps might never know aught of her more. The rest of them went that way—Allan did.

The curse of temper and circumstance was worse than death. Yes, in comparison, death was kind!

The threatening breach had now widened beyond repair between Sir Rupert and his child, and "too late" was written across the seal of her doom. He must bow also to the inevitable.

And that day on which the master of Heatherleigh buried his daughter in his heart was but a precursor of many dreary ones to follow. The same silent, crape-shaded routine, admitting of scarcely any variation, went on. A lonely breakfast in his own apartments; long, companionless walks about the grounds with his hands behind him and his eyes bent on the ground as if in deep study; the silent dinner hour next, and lastly, solitary evenings, on whose mournful hours none were allowed to infringe by trying to be companionable.

About this time the servants began to show signs of a general revolt. Sometimes they declared that this prison-life would materially shorten their days.

Ancil and Peggy reminded them that they would be substantially rewarded some day likely if they would only continue to be faithful.

But the mutiny of the western wing of Heatherleigh boiled and effervesced until, at the close of a very trying day when Sir Rupert had been unusually contrary with them, the gardener and cook said, meaningly, "that if the master was found dead in his bed in the morning, why, it was nobody's business—but—" And they wagged their heads ominously.

CHAPTER XI.

All day the storm had raged and battered and shook the windows with angry hand, but now there had fallen a somewhat calmer hour.

From the window of a residence, a beautiful country seat, near the shore, a pale, sad face peered out into the sullen eventide. The house and grounds gave evidence of taste and wealth, coupled with an inviting air of welcome hospitality, that seemed a very eye-rest at the close of such an uncharitable day. The sun now lay low on the sea, and the breakers dashed high up against the rocky sea-wall, falling back with thunderous moan, as if disappointed that in all these thousands of years they had not been able to scale the height and break over their irksome boundary. Heavy clouds bestrewed the horizon, and shut out the blue zenith as with a curtain of sorrow. Only in the west lay a long, calm rift of sunset sky, through which shone softly the sunlight, as if washed with tears.

But the pale, sad-faced woman looking from the pane saw nothing of the evening's promise; she only noted the darkened east and the dim sunlight's last smile playing dimly on the black sea-world beneath.

Tears had been exhausted and the soul fountain had become dry, but the wild, hot eyes roved abroad over the cheerless landscape, or sea view rather, aimlessly, really taking note of nothing; while the weary brain almost reeled beneath the awful shock it must endure.

In the next room a man lay dying. The physician was bending over him with a potion calculated to ease and soothe the last few moments of his patient, while the attendants stood wistfully, silently by.

They had done all they could, all that human agency and affection could devise, but the fiat of death had gone forth and now, in the prime of young manhood, Arthur Fairfax must die.

He had lived to see his dream fulfilled, however. He had gained wealth and found his beautiful home by the sea that he had planned to have on his wedding day.

Yes, it had all been realized, but what a fearful price was asked! Overtaxed, his system gave out, and he was now ready, after months of decline, to leave it all.

Months ago he felt a strange sense of exhaustion stealing over him, but he thought it a mere lassitude which by and by would wear off. So paying but little attention to nature's warning he toiled on with almost superhuman effort to complete this domestic paradise so dear to his heart. His plans were about completed, and Miriam should have her beautiful home as they both had planned. Miriam, who had given up every thing for him and his love and who had always been the same sweet, unchangeable wife, should now be happy in her own elegant establishment.

And their boy—the bright, winsome little son, inheriting his mother's dark eyes and the blonde curls of the Fairfax family, should never know a want, never have a wish unsatisfied, if money could fill the requirement. He had wealth now. The world had gone well with him, turning steadily 'neath fortune's smile.

This he had said to himself on that last day up in the mines while closing out his sales and getting rid of shares in the stock.

He was very fatigued that day and more nervous than usual, and Uncle Benton had made a note of it by saying: "You look bad; on the verge of a severe illness, Arthur, or I'm mistaken. It's a good thing that you retire from business to-day, my boy."

He was aware of it himself, to some extent, but a month's actual rest at The Rest, the name of his country seat, would be sufficient to throw off this weariness and he would be himself again.

These, then, had been his plans, but the best laid plans "aft gang aglea." And now it had come to this, after weeks of hopeless battling with stern decree.

The day had now gone out on the waters and the blackness of night and despair had settled down over Miriam. She tottered across the room and into the next, and with clasped hands stood helplessly gazing down on the beloved face on the pillow.

A light broke over the face as the fast-glazing eyes met her wild, yearning look, and he beckoned her nearer. She leaned over him tenderly and kissed his brow where the death damps were gathering and he whispered: "Bring baby to me, dearest."

Below stairs the nurse-girl was hiding the child to rest with a sweet cradle song. He had been kept quiet all the long, dreary day by strategy; conned with dainties and amused with fairy stories unfolded to his credulous mind by the nurse who loved to revel in these pleasing fancies herself.

"Arthur wants the baby," said Miriam, breaking in on the edge of dreamland, and clasping her boy with a sudden tenacious movement born of grief.

The nurse resigned her sleepy charge with a frightened glance of inquiry into the white face of her mistress. She needed no words to tell that at last the agony of death and parting had come, for the look on Miriam's face was plain of interpretation.

The mother bore away the little son, so soon to become fatherless, and the tender-hearted nurse-girl, turning away, burst into tears.

"Oh! it must be an awful thing to die and leave one's friends," she moaned to herself, going about the room, picking up mechanically the toys of little Arthur which in his great glee at playing Aladdin he had scattered about. "Poor little one!" murmured she, "his tender heart doesn't understand it, and it is well enough it doesn't."

"Kiss—" but the lips failed to utter the rest.

"Love papa," said Miriam, and the child, putting his chubby face down caressingly, kissed the pale, paternal lips. "My papa is cold, so cold," he said, wonderingly, looking up.

The attendant took him away then, at a sign from the mother, and kneeling by the couch Miriam drew the death-damp brow

"LOVE PAPA."

to her breaking heart and pressed passionate kisses on the cold lips.

A look of unutterable joy overspread the features of Arthur Fairfax, and he said half audibly: "Good-bye, Miriam, dearest; watch over our boy, and—meet me—"

"Yes, darling, with God's help," moaned Miriam; and she held in her arms, not her devoted husband, but clay—cold, inanimate clay!

They led her away also, then, away from her beloved dead. She sat down beside the sleeping, fatherless child, and throwing one arm over the unconscious boy moaned away the night in a vigil of grief.

"Why was this?" she asked of the midnight silence. "Why should he be taken from her when they were so prosperous and happy, when every thing that heart could desire for comfort and domestic bliss was theirs."

Little Arthur threw up his baby hands and murmured "Papa," and fretted in his slumber.

With a mother's touch and caress Miriam soothed him to untroubled repose again. He was all she had now, and her hot hands wandered over his silken curls straying about on the pillow.

All the next day she sat by her beloved dead, stunned with the awful sense of her bereavement. The servants went softly about the house with sorrowful faces, and the attendants came in and went out of the room and she scarcely knew it. Twice they brought little Arthur in the silent, darkened room to see his papa, but the sight of the two together she could not bear, so when the baby teased "to see what made papa sleep so cold," they took him off in the garden and talked away his curiosity concerning the dead.

The last sad rites had been performed; the solemn-looking hearse, draped in black crape looped with silver stars, had gone, Arthur's friends had gone home, all but Patty, the youngest sister, and Miriam sat in her beautiful home a widow.

Patty would stay with her all the coming dreary winter—she had promised as much, and by the springtime she should know, perhaps, what was best to do.

When the spring laughed merrily over the isles and flowers came, they went abroad for a month. Little Arthur's health seemed to demand a change, and the devoted mother held no sacrifice too great for her child.

Miriam had her plans. She would travel a little, and, in returning, would come home by Hastings, and, if she could, would venture on a visit to the Hall. Perhaps her father might forgive her for the sake of her beautiful, fatherless child.

True, she had written [illegible] acquainting him of Arthur's death, and he had left the servants to make the reply, and send comfort and sympathy; but he was old and very strange, any way, and a letter, after all, was not like seeing them. Patty thought it would work no harm to try a visit to Heatherleigh, at least; she wished to visit Beechwood once more, although stranger hands had desecrated her favorite walks, no doubt.

And Patty—blue-eyed, kind-hearted Patricia, who made the best of sisters—superintended it all, and left Miriam to seek solace and comfort care-free, and the weary-hearted mother felt she never could be thankful enough for such a priceless companion as dear little sister Patty.

Again, she sat by the window, in the eventide, looking out over the cliffs and the sea; again the death flut had gone forth, and "the flower that grew between" was ruthlessly snapped from its parent stem.

Patricia sat near her, dropping tears on some broken toys she had treasured up from the nursery. She could not weep now; she was too desolate. God had seemingly forgotten her and left her without a ray of hope, without a single string on love's harp unbroken. Away out in the offing she saw a white-winged ship, with tint of sunset tingeing its sails the faintest of rose hues. That was, doubtless, the messenger she had sent bearing a long, long letter to one whom she had never seen, but the missive contained a request, nevertheless.

The tear-stained pages, when unfolded at Bay View cottage, tucked down by the blue waters of the Narragansett, would reveal something like this:

"I am alone. God pity me! A stranger in mine own land. Bereaved of husband and child in one short half year, I am desolate. Shut from a father's doors, I am in the depths of isolated sorrow. I have an abundance of means, and would be no burden; could I come to you? I am but a stranger to you also, but you were my mother's friend; will you not be mine also?"

Then this was the message she had sent. Patricia knew it, and had demurred thereto, but she must go. She had told herself that a week after the clods rattled down on her baby's coffin, and if she received an answer from Bay View telling her that her mother's friend still resided there she would sell her beautiful home and leave her native land forever—the land which had held nothing but sorrows for her from her cradlehood.

Patricia's lover and affianced husband would purchase The Rest, and it would remain in the Fairfax family. Had little Arthur lived she would have continued her residence here and would have kept the elegant home, beautified and cared for, for him.

But with his death all her plans cherished for his future were laid away with him, and nothing now remained but to get away from it all.

The breeze swept up from the sea and through the open casement, dallying with the loose crape sleeve of her dress, the sweet English violets lent their breath to the caress of the wind, and a bird in the garden below began its vesper song.

Miriam shut her eyes and leaned back in the depths of her chair to dream of fond baby fingers stealing up around her neck, and of a deep, musical voice calling tenderly across the vale: "Miriam, dearest, good-bye."

[To be Continued.]

TOO MUCH MARRYING.

Unsuitable Marriages the Most Prolific Source of Trouble.

The truth is—and it is the truth that many are beginning to realize, nor will it be conjured away until all right-minded men and women give it some serious thought—there is too much marrying and giving in marriage in the world. By far the greater number of young girls of the present day are raised with the sole ambition of "making a good match," as if the quintessence of happiness in life was to be found in matrimony. The author is not an "old maid," to use the current expression, and she has no intentions of boasting when she says she might try her own experience in married life did she wish to do so, but she can assure her readers that no feeling of "sour grapes" influenced her opinion that more unhappiness results from unsuitable marriages than from any other evil in existence; that men and women marrying from the wrong motives invariably bring affliction upon themselves and their children, and that therefore the Hymeneal flame should not be lighted except under circumstances of peculiar promise. Men and women should both remain unmarried until they have reached an age when intelligence and common sense prevail over impulse; but even then let them look carefully into their own reasons for taking so important a step. Let them lay their day dreams aside and face a cold and conventional reality, and thus, with a heart prepared for the bitter or the sweet, with a mind resolved to make many sacrifices and a temper inclined only to look on the brighter side of life, they may prove to be the exceptional couple, and, like the blissful lovers in our old fairy tales, "live long and happily forever."—Eunice Stewart.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Honor Among Thieves.—Old Lady—"Sir, you've stolen my daughter's love." Unabashed Culprit—"Well, didn't I return it?"—Time.

—Democrat—"This has been a pretty hard year for the Republicans in the United States." Republican—"Yes; but we carried Brazil."—Life.

—Caste.—Big Calf (vainly)—"Get out, of my way or I'll step on you. You're nobody." Barnyard Fowl (haughtily)—"If you could hear folks grumble when they find veal in chicken salad you'd change your tune."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Modern Training.—Mother—"Now you have broken my cup. You deserve a whipping; come here." Fritz—"No, I won't come." Mother—"Come, Fritz, till I whip you, and then you shall have a slice of cake."—Fliegende Blatter.

—First Widow—"Why, Mrs. Verdant, what do you intend to do with the pail?" Second Widow—"Well, you see, my poor husband requested that his grave be kept green, and as I am about to get married again I thought I would give it a coat of green paint."—Munsey's Weekly.

M'STAB'S REVENGE.

**How a

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 7, 1890.

IN the Senate at Washington, on Monday, the bill increasing the salaries of United States District Judges from $4 000 to $5.000 per annum was passed.

EX-GOVERNOR JAMES E. ENGLISH, of New Haven, Connecticut died at his home in that city on Sunday last, aged 78 years. Ex-Governor English was three times Governor of Connecticut and in 1867 was the only Democratic Governor in the United States.

WHEN the approval of the constables bonds was taken up by the Court at Pittsburg, on Monday, Judge Ewing made the announcement that he and Judge Slagle, were of the opinion that constables elected in 1889 held office for three years; therefore, the election held this year in the townships and boroughs for constable was no election at all.

A MILE a minute was made on Thursday of last week by the engineer of the Central Pacific west-bound fast mail in an effort to reach the water tank at Blue Creek, thirty-three miles west of Ogden, Utah, in time to extinguish the flames devouring a very valuable through mail car, ignited en route. Six minutes could not save it, however, and the car, with its 158 sacks, was totally consumed. The passengers were greatly excited during the short, swift run.

THE proposal to erect a monument to Wm. Henry Harrison, who was President for one month, says the Pittsburg *Times*, (*Republican*,) comes rather late. His best service was rendered when he was Governor of the Great Northwest, fighting the Indians and manifesting high civil and military qualities. His grandson, the President of the United States at the present time, will or will not have a monument, as some future Congress shall determine. At present there is no such thought.

THE State Revenue Commission will hold a session at Harrisburg on tne 18th instant, when farmers will have an opportunity to turn out in force to make known their grievance against the present tax law. The Commission has already held a session in Philadelphia. It is a difficult matter to formulate a tax law to suit all classes of the people of this State. Perhaps a movement in the right direction is now being made to draft a bill to remove the burdens complained of by farmers and other interested parties, to be submitted to the next Legislature for its consideration.

THE eventful fall of the British House of Lords is again foreshadowed in the announcement that the Government contemplates introducing once more at the next session of Parliament the black sheep bill, the object of which is to keep out of the upper House those peers who are a discredit to their order. The bill will differ from others, in that it will invest a committee of the House, consisting of judicial peers and certain lay peers, with the power of penal discipline over the House of Lords. The action of the committee will be the subject of confirmation or rejection by the House itself, but if the bill is literally construed upon the lines designated the membership of the House of Lords will be materially decreased.

ALL the proceedings of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, says the Chicago *Herald*,, indicate that it is the intention of the party not to diminish taxation, but to increase it to the very verge of a revolution. With the Republicans taxation is a ratchet-wheel which turns only one way, and that way forward. The truth is that this sudden and exorbitant increase of taxation is absolutely necessary if the Republican policy of administering the Government is to be carried out. This policy, if it can be dignified with that name, is simply to enrich with public plunder every member of the party. In order to do this it is proposed to steal all the money now in the Treasury, and all that can be got into it during the present Administration.

PEOPLE who travel will be interested in a recent decision made by the Supreme Court of Nebraska. A man who occupied a berth in a car went out to get breakfast, leaving his overcoat in his seat, and when he returned found it had been stolen. He recovered the value of the coat, the court holding that the sleeping-car company renders a service similar to that of a hotel keeper, and is subject to the same liabilities. Articles carried by a traveler, and necessary to his comfort, when placed in the care of the company's employes are at the company's risk. The question is one that has not been passed upon in many States, but this decision will be quoted as a prededent in any future cases. It certainly seems a just protection to the traveling public.

A FIRE broke out in the Rock Tunnel of the South Willkesbarre Colliery in Luzerne county, Pa., on Monday evening, and eight men who were working there were cut off and imprisoned. The day shift of men had just come out and the night shift had gone down. Seven men were working in a gangway off the tunnel, when Thomas Jameson, the driver boy, started in with his two mules to bring out their loaded cars. He had not got five hundred feet from the bottom of the shaft when the naked light he carried on his head fired a heavy blower of gas, which was escaping from a crevice in the coal. The flame was strong, and in a few minutes the dry, half-rotten timber of the sides and roof had caught fire and were in a light blaze. Jameson started to warn the men of their danger but did not get back, He with the other seven men are shut in by a wall of fire and although, rescuing parties have been at work ever since, the men have not been reached and there is very little hope of their being reached alive.

IT is the intention of the Democrats in Congress to have the action of the Republicans in unseating Democratic members tested in the Courts. Mr. Pendleton, of West Virginia, who was unseated in discussing the situation on Monday said: "The action in turning me out was clearly unconstitutional. A member is unseated by the House, and the quorum consists of 166 members, not 162. There are two ways and two places in which the question of constitutionality may be brought up. Suit can either be brought in the Supreme Court or in the Court of Claims. The proceedings can be quo-warranto in nature, and based on a call to the Speaker to show cause why he prevents me from exercising the privileges of a member. A suit for salary can also be entered. In either event the question for settlement will be whether the Speaker has a right to declare a member unseated without a quorum." The Democrats say that they will not bring suit until Mr. Atkinson the member seated in place of Mr. Pendleton votes on some bill which becomes a law, and then they will make the point that it is unconstitutional.

ADMIRAL SHUFELDT, of the United States Navy, tells how the Russians are filching territory from the Chinese on the boundary between Siberia and China. The means of communication are so poor in China and the avenues of news are so few that it is impossible for the Chinese to keep track of the goings on in their provinces. The Russians send a regiment of Cossacks, with their families, about ten or fifteen miles into China. The regiment will settle down, take up the land and cultivate it. They take up the boundary stones as they settle down, and put them at the edge of their settlements, and the next year another regiment comes along, and takes up the land below and moves the boundary stones further on toward Pekin. These encroachments have been going on for years, and the Chinese cannot understand the perpetual shrinkage of their northern frontier.

ON all vital points affecting the welfare of the country the Harrison Administration, says the Albany *Argus*, has been a disastrous failure, and when to its malign influence is added the recklessness and extravagance of the present Congress, the situation becomes terribly grave and the outlook very dark. Even the marvelous energy and progress of our country can hardly suffice against such destructive forces, and it will be providential rather than natural if we escape a panic as the result of this misgovernment. The Congressional elections in the Fall will afford the people an opportunity of recording their verdict on the Harrison Administration, and the palpable indications are that it will be a most emphatic verdict—one that will, at least, check the saturnalia of plunder now in full operation at the National Capital.

THE New York *Post* remarks: What does the Administration mean by appointing negroes, and "low-down" ones at that, to important postoffices in the South? There is not a city or town in the North which would not resent the placing of a negro in charge of the postoffice, and the Republican party has never appointed a negro to any postoffice in the North during all its long lease of power. Why are negro officials forced upon the Southern whites when Northern whites are not required to have them? Do the Republican managers think the way to build up the Republican party in the South is to appoint Dudleys in such places as Americus? Or have those managers "got mad" at the Southern whites because they will not vote the Republican ticket, and made up their minds to use all the powers of the Federal Government to "aggravate" them?

A SENSATIONAL shooting affair occurred at Washington, on Friday in which the principals were an ex-Congressman and a well-known newspaper man. Both are Kentuckians. W. P. Taulbee, who represented a Kentucky district in the House during the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, was the victim, and Charles Kincaid, the Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Times*, did the shooting. The House was engaged in its deliberations when Kincaid's pistol shot reverberated through the corridors of the Capitol. A minute later the House was almost empty and a great crowd of excited employes and others was hurrying through the corridors toward the scene of the shooting. Kincaid was at once arrested, but since then the wound of Taulbee has been found to be not serious and there will likely be no prosecution.

THE jury in the Leconey murder case tried at Camden, N. J., brought in a verdict on Monday of not guilty. The verdict was received with applause. The case was a remarkable one. Chalkey Leconey, a well-to-do farmer, was charged with killing his niece, Anna Lsconey. The trial has been in progress four weeks. Chalkey Leconey was at first considered guilty, and circumstantial evidence was strong against him. The defence, however, created a sensation at the trial by advancing the theory that the crime had been committed by two colored men, one of which assaulted the girl, then killed her to hide his crime. From the beginning to the end of the trial the mother and father of the murdered girl were firm believers in the prisoners innocence and testified in his favor.

THE Louisiana Lottery Company is making a desperate effort to retain its corporate life. It has failed to secure a charter from North Dakota, and its next move, it is said, will be an enormous bribe to the Louisiana legislature for a renewal of its present charter, which will expire two years hence. Its proposition will be to pay the entire State debt, amounting from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. The lottery is earning $250,000 a month, or $4,700,000 per annum, net. Many prominent Louisianians fear that the bribe may be accepted.

Hard Times for Farmers.

The farmers of Montgomery and Berks counties have been aroused to organized action by the general depression in the "farming" interests of those counties. It is claimed that the market value of farm lands in Montgomery county has declined forty per cent. during the last ten years, and it is ascertained in both counties that many farmers will be compelled to abandon farming in the near future unless some speedy and substantial relief can be obtained.

The depression of the farming interests is not only logical but it is inevitable. They are now paying nearly the same high war taxes on everything they buy that they paid when they received war prices of $2 per bushel for their wheat and like prices for all their other products. The needless tariff taxes the farmers pay upon the necessaries of their industry and the necessaries of life would make the difference between actual loss and reasonable profit on any well regulated farm in Montgomery and Berks counties.

The farmers are mocked with false protection, and thus taxed excessively on what they must buy when there is no possible method of protecting them in their chief products, the price of which is regulated by the foreign market to which their surplus must go.

They are mocked by protection on wool, when there are not five hundred farmers in Pennsylvania who would not gain more from free wool in cheapened woolens they consume than they could possibly lose on wool; and for the mockery of protection on wool, vegetables, eggs, butter, etc., they are taxed in home and barn from foundation to roof; taxed in furniture, clothing, utensils, farm implements, and everything that goes on their tables from salt to china, with the single exception of tea and coffee.

The farmers are walking monuments of high war taxation in time of peace, as are their wives, their children and their labors. When war taxes were a necessity and values of farm products advanced with taxes, farmers could afford war taxation; but war taxes with wheat and other farm products at two-fifths their price in war times, must bankrupt our farming interests in the old States. Let the farmers look to Congress, where tariff revision is on hand, and note that wool and woolens are to be loaded with increased taxes, and that tin plate of universal use on our farms from kitchen utensils to dinner pails and out house roofs, is to be increased one hundred and twenty-five per cent. in taxes, and they will understand why they are impoverished and where the remedy is to be found. Truly, these are hard times for farmers, but it is quite as true that the farmers have always had the power to release themselves from bondage and that they have thus far failed to exercise it.—*Phila. Times.*

The old Story

LOUISVILLE, March 4.—William H. Pope, teller of the Louisville City National bank, absconded on last Saturday with $60,000 of the bank's money in his possession. Nothing has since been heard of him. It is supposed that he is now in Canada.

The bank will not be inconvenienced by its loss, which will amount to not more than $40,000, as Pope furnished a gilt edged bond of $20.000. Monday morning Pope failed to appear at his desk at the usual hour.

It was his custom to come to the bank shortly before 9 o'clock, and in company with the cashier, Mr. William S. Parker, open the safe, take out the money and books, and arrange for the day's business.

The minutes went by and still Pope did not come. "Well, he's gone to his father's home, about eight miles from town, and cannot get back owing to the high water," thought the bank officials. "He has a sister who is at the point of death, and maybe she is dead," said Mr. Parker.

Vice President Leech was in his private office. He sent for Mr. Parker and asked if Pope had reported. Mr. Parker sent back word that he had not. Mr. Leech went to the front and the thought flashed across his mind that possibly the teller had robbed the bank of a large sum and fled.

"We will open the safe and count the money," said Mr. Leech. He and the cashier went into the vault.

The officers commenced the count of the money and clerks began to check Pope's accounts. In a short time both were finished, and $60,000 in bank and United States notes were found missing.

It is known that Pope took the Monon express Saturday night for Chicago. It is not known whether Pope went to Canada or to Mexico from there.

A large number of photographs and descriptions of him were mailed to all points in Canada, the United States and Mexico. His defalcation is attributed to whisky and poker.

Was he Burried Alive.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 3.—The local press is puzzled over the case of John J. O'Connor, which is certainly a most remarkable one.

It was claimed that he had died and that his body was taken to the morgue, where it was identified by his wife, who had him buried in Calvary Cemetery.

A few days later it was claimed that O'Connor was alive, that his wife had been mistaken, and that the man who was taken to the grave was not her husband.

It now transpires that there is every reason to believe that O'Connor was not buried by proxy, but in his own proper person, some time between the night of Monday, February 10 and the afternoon of Wednesday. O'Connor was seen Saturday night, and stated most emphatically that the grave in the cemetery is empty, and he exhibited a cut which had been made half way across the abdomen. He is of the opinion that he was really buried, and that his body was taken up and conveyed to a dissecting room while in a state of suspended animation, and that when the first incision was made it caused a flow of blood which restored him to consciousness. He states that he went to a lodging house Monday evening, and that he knew nothing more until Wednesday night, when he found himself seated on the Court House steps in dazed condition, weak and sick.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble secure a bottle at once and give a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's, Loretto.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The House Committee on war claims spent its entire session to-day in consideration of the bill appropriating $3 447.945 for the payment of damages sustained by the citizens of Pennsylvania as a result of the invasion and raids of the confederate troops and by the operations of the federal troops during the war of the rebellion. The hour of adjournment arrived before the bill was completed, and it was made the special order for Monday next.

Independence for Canada.

MONTREAL, March 3.—Events are shaping themselves gradually but slowly for some radical change in Canada's status. Ever since the loyalty address to the Queen was passed by the Commons at Ottawa, and the young Liberals of Toronto and Montreal passed counter-resolutions in favor of Canadian independence, arrangements have been quietly proceeding in this city for the establishment of an organization which will work systematically and unceasingly in favor of "the emancipation of the country." The project is as yet in its infancy, but its promoters, though somewhat reticent admit that it will soon be fully launched.

They say that the end in view is a patriotic one, and only pacific and constitutional methods will be employed. A Canadian Independence League, with ramifications all through the land and beyond its borders, will be formed. It will have an organ published in the English language which will be called "1892" the date upon which it is hoped independence will have been brought about.

As for the French Canadians, the League will rely for organs on several of the Liberal newspapers which have already declared for a Canadian republic. All the Liberal and other clubs in the country will be so many branches under the direction of the Supreme Council in this city.

It is hoped that independence clubs will be formed at least in every county, if not in every town and village. Literature favoring the change will be prepared and disseminated abundantly. Members and candidates at every election will be asked to pledge themselves to the idea. This will be for this country. Outside an effort will be sought to obtain the moral support of all the independent nations of both Americas to remove "in 1892 from free America the last vestige of monarchical and European rule." This particular date is chosen because of its being the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

Universities and political clubs in the United States and Europe which favor the extension of Democratic ideas and the triumph of Democratic institutions will be invited to assist the movement and exert their moral influence in securing the independence of Canada. A large number of prominent politicians, especially in the Liberal ranks, declare themselves in private in favor of independence.

A Pair of Female Highway Robbers.

WHEELING, West Va., March 2.—A tremendous sensation has been created in the western part of this State by the arrest of two women, the wives of well-to-do farmers, for professional highway robbery. Some of their adventures were as bold as any of Jack Sheppard's or that ever figured in a romance.

A series of sensational highway robberies have lately been committed in a remote part of Jackson county. On Friday night A. B. Mitchell, a well-to-do farmer was stopped on the road, near his home apparently by two masked men, who presented revolvers and demanded his money. While the robbers were searching Mitchell a party of friends arrived unexpectedly and the robbers took to flight.

They were pursued, took refuge in a house, but were finally captured. The pursuers were amazed to find, when the masks were torn from their faces, that they were two women, the wives of estimable farmers in the community, named Mitchell and Jones. The women broke down, and confessed to a large number of bold robberies. Restitution will be made to those persons robbed. The women say that they began their robberies at first in order to scare their husbands, who were addicted to drink and kept late hours. Their unexpected success encouraged them, and they have kept them up for several months for the money to be made. They are known to have secured nearly $1000 from two robberies alone.

Among other robberies which the women confessed to committing was one on a cattle drover named Hugh Nicholson a week ago. Nicholson was riding through a lonely part of the county, four miles from the locality in which the women lived, when he was suddenly ordered to halt.

He put spurs to his horse, but two revolver shots disabled his horse and brought him to the ground. The robbers then went leisurely through his pockets and secured all the money that Nicholson carried, which, however, happened to be a small sum. They then assisted him to his feet, bade him good by and left. Nicholson has no suspicion as to the identity of his assailants. The exposure of the female robbers has created an intense sensation in that section. The family connections of both women are very extensive, and a strong effort will be made to save them from prosecution, and hush the matter up, if possible.

No Hurry.

The Rebublicans will probably admit Idaho and Wyoming into the Union during the present Congress. Bills for that purpose have been reported in the Senate and the House. The main, and in fact the sole, reason for the admission of those Territories is, of course, the creation of new Republican States. The enthusiasm of the boomers estimates the population of Idaho at from 120,000 to 150,000, a gain of from 300 to 400 per cent. since the last census. Wyoming's population, according to similar optimistic calculations, is from 80,000 to 100,000. It would be well to wait until these figures are verified. New Mexico had in 1880 a population four times as large as that of Idaho and six times as large as that of Wyoming at that time; and both New Mexico and Arizona have great mineral resources, but have, or at least it is assumed by the Republicans that they have, the misfortune to be Democratic, and consequently their admission is not to be thought of.

A large part, probably a fourth or fifth, of the actual population of Idaho, consists of Mormons, disfranchised Mormons. The civic strength of a community in which so large part of the inhabitants are prevented from exercising the suffrage, cannot be great; and the disfranchised part is, as a whole, the settled in distinction from the roving element of the population.

It would be interesting to know what expectations of big appropriations from the Government for the purpose of irrigation stir the patriotism of these Territories.

The case of North Dakota shows that it is possible to admit a Territory to the Union when it is neither financially nor morally prepared for it. The case of Nevada shows the uncertain prospects of prosperity which are founded largely upon the hope of mineral wealth. It seems clear enough that there should be no hurry about admitting Idaho and Wyoming; yet the Republican delegation in the Electoral College needs to be added to.—*N. Y. Sun*

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—An eccentric old lady living near Dresden, Tenn., has purchased her burial robe. She is seventy years old and insists that she cannot last much longer.

—General Sherman confesses that he likes the bands to play "Marching through Georgia" in his honor. He was surprised by hearing the tune as a serenade when he visited Ireland, and was surprised to learn that it was an ancient Irish air.

—The authorities in Berlin have just discovered a cunning method devised to circumvent the law prohibiting the importation of American hogs into Germany. American hams are now taken to Holland, where they are smoked and then sent over the frontier as Dutch hams.

—Voqueros driving a band of cattle to Sierra City, last month, were overtaken by the great snow storm. They knew the locality of a haystack, however, which they reached by sinking a shaft 25 feet in depth through the snow and by that means secured feed for their live stock.

—Mrs. Matilda L. Case, a wealthy Brooklyn widow, has wedded George J. Bolles, aged nineteen. Bolles is learning to be a sailor on board a training ship with a twenty-two-year old son of his bride. They were comrades, but do not speak now. Mrs. Case asserts that it was a case of true love.

—It is heralded from New York that Nellie Bly has severed her connection with the *World*, owing to a disagreement with that paper as to the increased salary she was to receive after her return from her trip around the world. The statement is denied at the *World* office, where it is said that Miss Bly is on a vacation.

—Edward Hart, a printer living at Braddock, was badly injured on the Pennsylvania Railroad at that place Friday afternoon. He had just stepped from a passenger train, and, attempting to cross the the track, he was struck by a freight train and thrown under the wheels. His right leg was cut off and his left arm crushed so severely that it will have to be amputated.

—The new cantilever bridge across the Colorado River, 13 miles below Needles, Cal., will require 3,200,000 pounds of iron to complete it. It rests upon two massive stone piers that are 65 feets below the bed of the river, and the center span is the longest unsupported one in the world—660 feet between the cantilevers. The contractors expect have the bridge finished by May 1.

—A man named Wise created a sensation at New Brighton, Pa., on Monday evening by shooting from the steps of the Clyde House at a crowd of boys who were snowballing him. The leaden missile passed through the window of the Adams Express office, missing the agent by a hairbreadth. An effort was made to arrest the offender, but he escaped on an outgoing train.

—A dispatch from Youngstown, Ohio, says: Mrs. Edward Geyls, the wife of a painter, several months ago gave birth to a child, which died a few hours after. The baby was not buried, but placed in a bottle of alcahol to preserve it. Wednesday the mother left the city on a visit, and placed the jar in the hands of a neighbor for safe keeping, who turned it over to the officers.

—Just before noon at Pittsburg, on Wednesday, two workmen attempted to thaw out several sticks of frozen dynamite, and the usual result followed—a terrible explosion—that wrecked a blacksmith shop which they were in and instantly killed one man, named David Hayes, and another, William Snoddy, had an arm and leg broken and will die.

—A 14 year-old boy living at Hookstown, Pa., went to a trap he had set for a fox and found a big wildcat in it. Johnny attempted to kill the animal with a club, but it sprang at him with such force that it broke the chain by which the trap was anchored; landed with its fore paws on the boy's chest, tearing the clothing away and sinking its claws in the little fellow's flesh. The boy stood his ground and killed the animal with a club.

—John Wilson, a young farmer living near Erie, is the victim of hydrophobia. He lies in convulsions, and the case is well marked. Twenty-four years ago he was bitten through the hand by a dog. A few weeks ago he felt a numbness in his hand, and as soon as it had reached his shoulder he was seized with rabies. Neighbors held him fast with buckskin covered hands. During the lucid interyals the poor fellow begs piteously to be smothered and put out of his misery. He is a single man and is 28 years of age.

—A three-year-old child whose parents were asleep in a coach of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern passenger train No. 9 walked down the aisle and fell off the platform when the train was a mile from Elkhart, Ind., on Friday, on its way to Chicago, and running at a high rate of speed. It was supposed the child had been instantly killed, but upon stopping the train and going back the little one was found standing in the middle of the track uninjured. Railroad men say they never heard of such a miraculous escape.

—Mrs. Mart Campbell, of Manor, Westmoreland county, committed suicide Saturday night by blowing out her brains with a 32-caliber revolver. She got out of bed about 1 o'clock in the morning, dressed herself, went out to the well, raised the small trap door, climbed part way down the well, placed the revolver close to her head and pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through her head. She has been worried some of late on account of trouble among her married daughters, and her mind was unbalanced.

—Mrs. Walter K. Wolf, of Brownstown, Lancaster county, was boiling a mixture of resin and turpentine on the stove Saturday and it took fire, the flames spreading through the room. Mrs. Wolf's mother attempted to carry the kettle out of the door, when the handle melted and the burning mass dropped to the floor. A little child of Mrs. Wolf was seated near by, and in attempting to get away it jumped into the flames and was burned to death in a few moments. The women also made a narrow escape from death in trying to save it.

—The jury in the Leconey murder trial came into court, at Camden, N. J., at 3.45 on Monday, and in response to the questions the foreman announced that they found the accused not guilty. Leconey was for a moment dazed but the vigorous handshaking of his neighbors and friends, who surrounded him, offering their congratulations, quickly roused him. He remained in the court room for an hour receiving congratulations and finally had to force his way through the immense throng of people that had gathered, and entering a carriage, was driven to his home.

—Martin O'Malley, and Peter Faley were burned to death at Johnsonburg, Pa., Sunday morning about 2 o'clock. O'Malley, who was a laborer, did odd jobs about town. He lived in a little shanty which was located near the railroad track. The two men mentioned and a third party, whose name is unknown, were on a spree Saturday night. O'Malley and Faley repaired to the shanty about 9 o'clock in the evening and retired. During the night one of the men, while yet under the influence of liquor, must have turned on more gas. The overpressure set fire to the building and burned it to the ground, together with its occupants.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored S... a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veil... colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods in ... styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels ... Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different styl... Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hambu... Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPOT

—Reports from Northern Texas say that hundreds of range cattle have been frozen to death during the present cold spell, and that unless the weather speedily moderates the loss of stock will be very severe.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt, and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

B. & B.

The New Spring Assortment are now all in.

It is a great pleasure to us to offer this season's productons, because they are the most elegant and satisfactory for the prices we have ever seen.

Our Mail Order Department will cheerfully submit samples by mail, and your order will be filled at the lowest prices and as satisfactorily as though you were here to do your shopping in person. Have you tried it?

Special mention is made of a few items only.

A very large assortment of All Wool Imported Suitings, 38 to 40 inches in width, in large assortment of stripes, plaids and mixtures, at 50 cents. This is the most comprehensive offering of 50 cent Dress Goods ever made by any mercantile house.

100 pieces 40 inch Imported Plaids, 40 cents.

Also, at 50 cents, large assortment of All Wool, 50 inch Scotch Cheviots.

New and stylish Cloth Bourettes, 38 inches wide, at 50 cents.

A 75 cent offering—the most for the money ever offered—Imported Tailor Suitings, in large variety of stylish stripes, 38 inches wide, elegant quality.

At 33 cents, 36 inch Wool Suitings, new stripes and plaids.

500 pieces extra fine Satines, 15 cents. 25 cent quality.

New Zephyr Ginghams, 15c, 20c, 25c.

Anderson's Ginghams, 40c, 45c.

Challis—largest variety in all qualities up to the Imported All Wool Goods at 50 cents.

Our Large Spring and Summer FASHION JOURNAL AND CATALOGUE will be ready April 1. It costs nothing but your name on a postal card to get it.

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119, 121, Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

FARM FOR SALE.

There will disposed of at private sale a farm known as the William Ivory farm situated in Clearfield township, one-half mile from Chest Springs, containing

76 ACRES 76

More or less, thirty acres of which are cleared, and well watered and the rest of the land is well timbered with Hemlock, Chestnut, Maple and Beech. For further particulars call on or address MRS. LINCOLN CONRAD. Chest Springs, Jan. 3, 1890. 2mo.

HOTEL FOR RENT.—That well-known hotel stand, known as the Merchants Hotel, situated at Summit, Cambria county, Pa., with eight acres of ground, adjoining will be rented on liberal terms. The house contains thirty-four rooms, bar-room, store-room, ice house, good stable, and all necessary outbuildings. The house will be rented entire or in part For particulars enquire of the subscriber JAMES A. GILLAN, Summit, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Francis O'Friel, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Francis O'Friel, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. H. F. O'FRIEL, Executor of Francis O'Friel, deceased. Loretto, Pa., February 7, 1890.-6t.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Estate of Dennis O'Donnell, deceased.

Letters testamentary in the estate of Dennis O'Donnell, late of Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement. ELLEN O'DONNELL, Executrix of Dennis O'Donnell, dec'd. Munster township, Jan. 31, 1890.-6t.

PILES

ITCHING PILES. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. Swayne's Ointment is sold by druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents a box; 3 boxes, $1.25. Address letters, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

SKIN DISEASES

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES.

The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Scurvy, Pimples, Erysipelas, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts., 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sales. SAMPLE FREE A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 848 Broadway, N. Y.

BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES

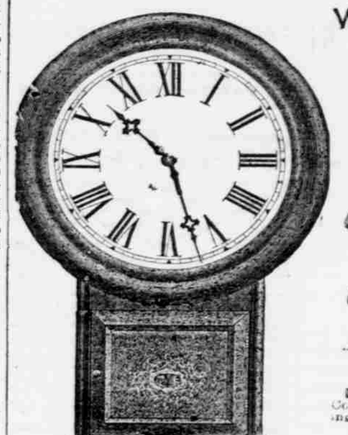
ATLAS ENGINE WORKS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches In Key and Stem Winders.

...ARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIN... of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purcha...ing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

Carrolltown, Penn'a.

Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, complete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boots and Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be excelled anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the very lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarantee satisfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you for past favors we are Respectfully Yours,

ECKENRODE & HOPPEL,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

SPRING CLOTHING

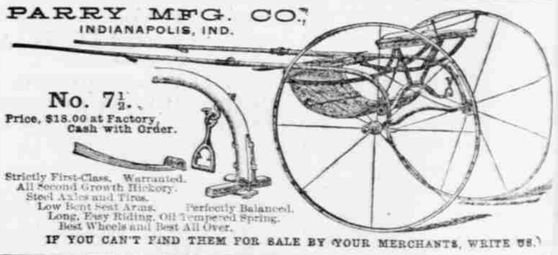
FOR MEN, YOUTH'S, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

LEDGER BUILDING, SIXTH AND CHESTNUT PHILADELPHIA.

PARRY MFG. CO.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

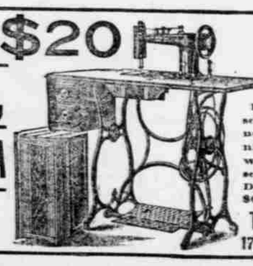


No. 7½, Price, $18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class, Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

ONLY $20



HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.

WARRANTED 5 YEARS. 15 DAYS TRIAL.

Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.

THE C. A. WOOD CO. 17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

WINTER RESORTS

TEXAS AND MEXICO

Mild Climate, Summer Breeze, pure Air, Excellent Rouns, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 4 DAYS by St. Louis to the City of Mexico via

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only one change via Laredo, Eagle Pass or El Paso. Winter Tourist Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Principal Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

H. G. TOWNSEND, G.P.&T.AGT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

WELL BRED GIRLS SOON WED.

Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, .. MARCH 7, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Joseph Donahue publishes an assignee's notice in another column.

—Mrs. Will Horan, of Johnstown, paid a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Blair, this week.

—No person holding a State, county, borough or township office can be appointed census enumerator.

—Five passenger cars were required to transport the crowd that came up on the first train on Monday to attend court.

—You have nineteen different styles and qualities of black Jersey coats to select from at Gable & Co.'s, ranging in price from $2 to $12.

—Mr. David Stewart, a compositor in the Johnstown *Tribune* office, paid his respects to the FREEMAN office while in town this week.

—The Grant parlor match factory, located at Philipsburg, was destroyed by fire Thursday night of last week. The loss is estimated at $18,000 with no insurance.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Look out for a stranger who is going the rounds swindling people by selling a powder "warranted to cure all ills." He charges from $3 to $5 and leaves a little bit of cornstarch.

—W. A. B Little, executor of Jeremiah Topper, deceased, advertises a lot of real estate for sale in another column of this issue. Also, John Whalen, executor of Patrick Cogan, deceased.

—McDonald, of Loretto, Pa., will, from the present date until April 1st close out a lot of notions, dress goods, ladies' and children's shoes, men's boots, etc., at actual cost for spot cash or trade.

—LOST—On the 25th of January, on the road between Cresson and Loretto, a red and white woolen shawl. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to Mrs. S. J. Denny, of Allegheny township.

—Father John Ward, of Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, spent a few days in town during the present week, on a visit to his father, Mr. Martin Ward, and his brothers Al. and William Ward, both of the latter being ill.

—Mr. William Leighty, an aged citizen of the East ward, had a paralytic stroke on Saturday evening while on the road from the barber shop to his home, and since that time has been lying in a critical condition.

—It is highly probable that the money subscribed by the children of the State to the Higbee Memorial Fund, will be returned to them, the movement meeting with great opposition in many parts of the State.

—The new stone bridge at the Viaduct is nearly completed and one track is now in use over which all trains pass. The first train to cross on the new bridge was Philadelphia Express East on Thursday evening of last week.

—A man in a neighboring county saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He forwarded the necessary dollar and received by return mail, written on a valuable postal card in beautiful violet ink the magic words: "Don't drink."

—Last Monday evening one of our butchers, fearing a failure of the ice crop, put a force of men on Shenkle's dam to saw and haul ice. The men worked all night and filled the ice house. The ice was only three inches thick.

—Perry Gentzell, whose home is near Zion, Centre county, while attempting to butcher a beef a few days ago, came near killing himself. By some mishap the knife which he held in his hand penetrated his thigh, inflicting a serious wound.

—As McDonald, at Loretto, Pa., intends removing to Cresson, on or about April 1st, he offers his store room and dwelling attached for sale or rent. The hotel property adjoining known as the Mrs. J. B. Myers property, will also be for sale or rent.

—A number of our citizens have been busy for several days past filling their ice houses. The ice is only about three inches in thickness, but it is the best that has been on the dams this winter and those having ice houses to fill are afraid to wait any longer.

—George L. Frederick, Ebensburg's harness manufacturer, will close out his large stock of robes and blankets at cost. He has a fine assortment, and if you wish to secure good goods at low prices now is your opportunity. Don't wait but go at once and examine them.

—Mr. Wes. Baynon, an engineer on the P. R. R., and who was raised in this place, was injured at Summerhill one evening last week by being struck on the head by the mail stand. His injuries though painful are not of a serious nature. His mother and sisters still reside in this place.

—The hearing in the case of the condemned Nicely brothers, the Somerset county murderers, will take place before the Board of Pardons on the 18th of this month. Every effort will be made by their friends to have the sentence of death commuted to one of imprisonment for life.

—A scheme is on foot at Johnstown to change the course of the Stonycreek for over a mile in order to acquire about 100 acres of land now useless. The contemplated improvement will cost $1,000,000. Two bridges will have to be moved. The scheme is looked upon with favor.

—A number of defeated candidates for the office of constable in various townships in Westmoreland county, who hold the office last year, met at Greensburg, on Monday, and decided to raise a fund for the purpose of contesting the legality of the election of constables this year. They believe that the election last year entitles them to a three-year term.

—On Thursday morning of last week as the Indiana Accommodation was making its run from Blacklick to Blairsville, on the Indiana branch, the smoking car jumped the track and fell into a ditch. The passengers were badly shaken up, but none were seriously injured. A train from Blairsville was dispatched to the scene of the wreck and transferred the passengers.

—The card of Captain M. Fitzharris, of Gallitzin, as a candidate for Assembly, will be found in this issue of the FREEMAN. It is hardly necessary to introduce the Captain to the Democracy of Cambria, as he is generally known throughout the county as an active worker in the Democratic cause, a man of ability and who, if elected to the Legislature would represent the interests of his constituents with the honest and firm purpose of serving their best interests.

—The Brown-Lovett trial, which was reached at Lock Haven on Monday of last week, and wherein Brown was charged with murdering Lovett, terminated at 10 o'clock Saturday evening, when the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree. On Monday last Brown was sentenced to undergo imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary at labor for the term of seven years. The prisoner did not exhibit any emotion, but his wife's tears burst forth when she heard the sentence pronounced.

—Mr. Ed. Bolsinger, of Altoona, visited his parents, in this place, this week.

—John Burns, Esq., of Jeanette, is visiting his father-in-law, Michael Donovan, in this place.

—Mr. Charles Farbaugh, of Barr township, paid the FREEMAN a short but pleasant visit yesterday.

—There is some interesting dry goods news in to-day's FREEMAN, furnished by Gable & Co. in their advertisements.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—Mr. Charles Murray, of Cambria township, who had been ill for the past year, or longer, from consumption died at his home on Thursday morning, aged about forty-eight years. He leaves a wife and five small children to mourn his death. His burial will take place at the Catholic cemetery in Ebensburg on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

—The annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad contains the statement that among the property damaged and destroyed by the great flood were 24 passenger cars, 561 freight cars, 34 locomotives, some of the latter, notwithstanding their weight, being carried more than a mile by the force of the flood, and that the amount expended in repairing the loss caused by the flood to 31st of December last, was $3,475,425.01.

—The town of Hastings was represented in Ebensburg during the present week by Mr. Ed. McHugh, Superintendent of Mines at that place; Dr. Rice, the well-known physician; Justice of the Peace, Anthony Anna, and Constable P. P. Miller. Hastings for the time was bereft of its surgeon and officers, but it is said 'Squire Anna before leaving put the inhabitants under bail to keep the peace until their return, when business will again go on in the regular way.

—When the constables elect were ready to be sworn in on Monday M. D. Kittell, Esq., presented a petition from a number of citizens of the West ward of Ebensburg, setting forth that Edward W. Humphreys, constable-elect from the West ward, was a member of the election board at the time of his election and therefore ineligible at the time of his election. The Court fixed the fourth Monday in March as the time for hearing the arguments of counsel and rendering a decision in the matter.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* on Tuesday says: As usual there was a great crowd in Ebensburg yesterday. Ebensburg whisky has a reputation for its paralyzing qualities. Not a few were quite overcome. One of them was a stout chap from Lilly. When the train arrived at that place he could not be aroused, and it was not till he had reached this city that he was awakened from his stupor. He resisted and threatened to abuse the trainmen. Officer Harris, who happened to be on the train, took him into custody and brought him to the Johnstown lock-up.

—About ten o'clock Tuesday morning Sammy Duffy, a 12 year-old son of Mrs. Mary Duffy, of Greensburg, was badly burned about the body and face. He had been confined to bed with la grippe, and during the temporary absence of his mother he got out of bed and went to the grate, where his night clothing took fire. This frightened him so badly that he ran out on the street, and had it not been for some men who were standing near, and who ran to his rescue and tore the clothes from his person, he would have been burned to death. His injuries are very serious.

—The card of W. A. Lantzy, of Lower Yoder township, appears in the announcement column this week as a candidate for County Commissioner. Mr. Lantzy is a well-known citizen of Lower Yoder township, who has been engaged as a contractor and builder in that end of the county for a number of years and is held in high esteem by all acquainted with him. He has always been a Democrat and has taken an active part in the success of the party, and should he be nominated his election will be followed by his well deserved election. Mr. Lantzy is a native of Carroll township and has many friends in that locality.

—Some years ago John Williamson, of Bedford township, bought a young cow in Cumberland Valley township. When she was two years old she gave birth to two calves. Mr. Williamson then sold her to John Henderson, who owned her for several years. She produced twins when she was three years old and again at the age of four. When she was five she had three calves at a birth, and a year later had twins for the fourth time. Charles Burket, of Bedford township, then became the owner of the animal, and last Friday night she presented him with triplets. This wonderful cow has had fourteen calves and will not be eight years old until next summer.—*Bedford Gazette.*

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work, from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They have ordered forty tons of marble which will arrive in March and April, and they will then have as fine a stock of the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in their line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

—A gentleman meeting on the streets of Ebensburg, on Monday last, at different times, two well-known citizens of Blacklick township, inquired of the first as to the health of a prominent Blacklicker, who was reported seriously ill. "Well," said he, "Mr. — is in a pretty bad way, and its hard to say what ails him." The gentleman mildly suggested that he might have had an attack of la grippe. "The grip be d—nd," said he with emphasis, and the utmost disgust, "there is no such thing as grip, the only grip is this kind of grip," at the same time reaching out his hardened and brawny hand to grasp that of his interrogator, which was, however, fearfully and respectfully declined. Later on the second individual, with a companion, was encountered on the street by the gentleman referred to, who, after some preliminary conversation, said to him "that he had heard that Mr. —, of Blacklick, was dangerously ill," etc. "Yes," he replied, "he was, and it was doubtful if he got over it." At this point his companion innocently asked his friend "what was said to be the matter with Mr. —." "Why," said he "the doctors say he has got a knapsack on his liver, and that he cannot recover, they are afraid it may bust, and if it does, he will bleed to death at once, no way of stopping it," and then related "that he once knew a man who had a knapsack on his liver, and that it busted, and he bled to death immediately." The whole thing was intensely ludicrous and amusing, notwithstanding its seriousness.

—Mr. B. F. Williams, son of John T. Williams, of Cambria townsnip, has been appointed postmaster at Cookport, Indiana county, where he has been a resident for a number of years and one of Cookport's most enterprising citizens.

—The New York *Star* says that C. C. Holland, a stationer and bookseller, of Portchester, disappeared on Monday, leaving numerous debts unpaid. Holland located in Portchester about eight months ago and said that he was one of the Johnstown flood sufferers. Some of the citizens of Portchester assisted him to start in business. When he went away he owed his landlord, M S Madden, $500, and to W. H. Fehrs he owed $400, money which he had borrowed. When they learned that Holland had left the town they hitched up their fast horses and drove at a high speed to the Sheriff's office in White Plains. Madden got there first and his placed his attachment on Holland's effects in the hands of the Sheriff for execution.

Court Proceedings.

Court met on Monday last with Judge Johnston on the bench.

James P. Green, of Johnstown, was appointed foreman of the grand jury.

Porter R Miller was selected as constable to wait upon the grand jury.

The following cases were disposed of:

Commonwealth vs. Charles W. Jones. Surety of the peace. Defendant plead guilty, and in default of bail to keep the peace, was sent to jail.

Commonwealth vs. Samuel Saely. Desertion. Sentenced to pay the costs and $1.50 per week towards the support of his wife.

Commonwealth vs. John Price. Surety of the peace. Sentenced to pay the costs and enter into recognizance in the sum of $100 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. Jeremiah Lavely. malicious mischief. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and costs and one week's imprisonment in the county jail.

Commonwealth vs. George Jones, James Edwards, John Fraey, Michael Hohan and Michael Beemish, larceny, defendants plead guilty, will be sentenced next Monday.

Commonwealth vs. Henry brown, burglary and larceny. Defendant plead guilty, and was sentenced to one year and three months in the penitentiary.

Commonwealth vs. Henry Ligand, assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and three months imprisonment in county jail.

Commonwealth vs. John McMullen, highway robbery. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. John Lahey, keeping a tippling house, Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs Frank Dum, assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay fine of $5 and costs and imprisonment in county jail for one week.

Commonwealth vs William Vance, Frank Bradley and William Custer, aggravated and battery. Jury find defendants not guilty, but that they pay half the costs and the prosecutor the other half.

Commonwealth vs. Conrad Weigle, selling liquor without license. Jury find defendant guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Patrick McGowan, Malicious mischief. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Conrad Weigle, Receiving stolen goods. On trial.

The District Attorney entered a *nolle prosequi* in the following cases:

Commonwealth vs. Elmer Saely, incorrigibility, the county to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Robert Barclay, Jeremiah Barclay, and Henry Barnhart, malicious mischief.

Commonwealth vs. Mary Vogle, surety of the peace, defendant having been committed to Dixmont.

Commonwealth vs. Ellen C. Baker, assault and battery; costs to be paid by the defendant.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph D. Ford, fornication and bastardy, on payment of costs by the county, the parties having married.

Commonwealth vs. Henry George, malicious mischief, on payment of costs by the defendant.

Commodwealth vs. Durbin & Flemming, supervisors of White township, on payment of costs by prosecutor.

Commonwealth vs. Geo. B. Richards, maintaining a nuisance.

Commonwealth vs. John Anderson, assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. George Stiblch, fornication and bastardy, the parties intending to marry.

Commonwealth vs. Frank Roberts, burglary, on payment of costs by defendant.

Commonwealth vs. Leslie Whitaker, fornication and bastardy, the case having been settled.

Commonwealth vs. James S. Lytle, larceny.

The following cases were continued:

Commonwealth vs. S. J. Buck, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Donahue, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. William Craig, shooting with intent to kill; prosecutor not being able to appear.

Commonwealth vs. Louis Fulmer, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. Patrick S. Leonard, assault and battery with intent to commit a rape; not taken.

Commonwealth vs. Ellsworth Coulter, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Luther, assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Michael Broderick, aggravated assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Edward Horner, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. William F. and Lucretia Carpenter, assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Christopher Mechling, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. Isaiah Bare, assault and battery.

Those $19.50 Sewing Machines.

There are a good many of those $19 50 sewing machines at Gable & Co.'s, and people find them just as good as the high priced machines of many sewing machine companies. $19 50 for a good sewing machine, $25 for extra fine finished machines.

His Skull Was crushed.

Johnstown *Tribune:* About half-past 9 o'clock Tuesday evening Stanley Somerville met with a terrible and fatal accident at the Johnson Works. He was employed as a "rigger" in the roll shop. About the hour named, while walking through the shop, he tripped and fell, his head being caught by a belt and drawn between it and the wheel, stopping the machinery. The injured man, rendered entirely unconscious from his wounds, was carried into the mill office to wait the appearance of Dr. W. B. Lowman, who had been immediately summoned, who arrived at 10 o'clock. The doctor quickly discovered that his patient was beyond all human help, and that death was but a question of a short time, the skull being crushed over the left temple in such a way as to render surgical skill of no avail. The doctor, however, remained with him until he expired, which was about half-past 11 o'clock.

Perhaps

no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of a radical cure of chronic catarrh by any or the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

Reade Township Items.

This morning we wake up and find the ground again dressed in a mantle white.

Mrs. Grace Hommer, of Bellwood, is visiting at the home of her father, Mr. G. L. Davis, of near Glasgow.

Mrs. Russel, of New Germany, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Hollen, of Glasgow, last Thursday.

Constable Troxell, Perry Troxell and Henry Hon, all of Reade township, are at Ebensburg this week "courting."

Ed. Ricketts, of Utahville, now conducts the hotel at that place. The grand opening took place on Thursday of last week.

On Tuesday, March 11th, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gilmore, of Mountain Dale, will celebrate their crystal wedding with much eclat.

The closing institute of Reade and White townships, will be held on Saturday, March 29, at the "No. 2" school house in Reade.

Samuel Berdun and wife, of Newton Hamilton, are visiting their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Troxell, of Roseland.

Mr. James W. McCartney, of Mountain Dale, is lying dangerously ill at his home. His chances for recovery are very doubtful. Heart disease is his ailment.

Mrs. Delila Griffith, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. May, of near Glasgow, for the past couple of weeks, has returned to her home at Shirley.

A young lady teacher, of this township, in order to increase her percentage of attendance has opened a "night school." She has numerous applications for admission.

C. E. Kantz on last Wednesday resigned his position as teacher of the No. 2 school, in this township. Mr. David Fry has been appointed to teach out the unexpired term.

E. F. Spencer, the energetic and successful druggist at Hastings, paid Glasgow a business visit last week. Mr. Spencer reports business booming in that growing borough.

William Miller and family, of Glasgow, has moved to Collier Station, on the Bell's Gap, Railroad, near Flynn & Louther's saw mill. Mr. Miller will be employed there on a log contract.

The elocutionary entertainment given by Miss Grace Fury, of Altoona, at Mountain Dale, last Tuesday evening is said to have been a brilliant success. The young lady deported herself in a creditable manner.

Alonzo Nevelling, who is employed at Hastings, in the watch repairing and jewelry business, but whose family resides at Glasgow, will, in the near future, move to the former place and make it his permanent home.

Mr. Ed. Kuhn, Mountain Dale's boss groceryman and "star" tonsorial artist, had an operation performed recently on his right eye by the oculist, Dr. Ross, of Altoona, by which the lachryman duct was opened, which had become closed. The operation was successful.

Muslin Underwear at Gable & Co.'s.

We take pleasure in asking you to visit our ready-made muslin underwear department, where the largest and best selected lines of these goods we've ever handled are now for sale. We have 21 different qualities of night robes in many more styles ranging in price from 25c. to $2.25.

17 different qualities of skirts in many more styles.

12 different qualities of dressing sacques in many more styles.

14 different qualities of chemise and drawers in many more styles.

11 different qualities of corset covers in many more styles.

These goods are extra fine quality and made on lock-stich machines.

GABLE & CO.'s,
1402 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Local Institute at Lilly.

Program for teachers' local institute, to be held at Lilly, March 15, commencing at 9.30 A. M. The blackboard, Mr. F. C. George; How a teacher may lose control of his pupils, Mr. J. A. Kensinger; Exercises for Friday afternoon, Miss Olive Topper; Teaching advanced arithmetic, Mr. A. J. Noel; How to awaken interest in advanced reading classes, Miss Ella Sweeny; Teach useful things, Mr. J. G. Carroll; Should teachers have a knowledge of psychology? Mr. T. B. Allison; Some things seen upon entering school rooms, Supt. Leech.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, February 26, 1890:

Albert Roberts and Mary C. Beam, Johnstown.

Thomas B. Mayes, Snow Shoe, Centre county, Pa., and Latina Port, Fallen Timber.

Ezra H. Detwiler and Emma C. Harrison, Stonycreek township.

William G. Wilson and Amanda Oaks, East Taylor township.

Otto Kuhostos and Josephine Geugue, Portage.

Robert P. Stewart, Johnstown, and Katie Murray, Prospect.

George Sulbich, Cambria, and Elizabeth Fieck, Morrellville.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Clapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

CLOVER SEED FOR SALE.—Twenty-nine bushels clean clover seed; crop of '89; big clover. Address Aug. E. Farabaugh, Loretto, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm, one mile south of Ebensburg. If not sold before the first of March the farm will be for rent.

JAMES MYERS.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-St., NEW YORK.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2nd, A. D. 1890, by H. A. Gardner, A. A. Stevens, Walter Lindley, Thomas H. Gregory, Timothy A. Curtis, and others, under the act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "THE ALLEGHENY AND CLEARFIELD COAL COMPANY," the character and object of which is to carry on the business of mining, quarrying, selling and buying, shipping and transporting coal, iron ore, fire clay, stone and other minerals, and the manufacture and purchase and sale of coke and other products of coal, and of fire clay, fire brick and quarried stone, and otherwise dealing in coal coke and other products of coal, fire clay, iron ore, fire brick and quarried stone, and the exercise of all such powers and priviledges as are granted to such corporations under the laws of said Commonwealth.

GREEVY & PATTERSON, Solicitors,
March 7, 1890.-3t. Altoona, Pa.

Political Announcements.

Cards in this column will be inserted from now until the primary elections, on the 7th of June, next, at the following rates: For Assembly $5.00; For Treasurer, $5.00; For Commissioner, $5.00; For Auditor, $2.50. All cards must be accompanied by the cash.

ASSEMBLY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of Member of the Legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
Gallitzin, March 1, 1890. M. FITZHARRIS.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—Ed. T. McNeelis, of Johnstown, Pa., subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
Johnstown, Feb. 28, 1890.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.
JACOB ZIMMERMAN.
Johnstown, Feb. 25, 1890.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Democratic party.
PHILIP J. SANDERS.
Munster township, Feb. 27, 1890.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer at the next Democratic primary election, subject to the rules of the Democratic party. HENRY J. HOPPEL.
Barr township, Feb. 20, 1890.

COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Democratic party.
C. J. MAYER.
Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 12, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
W. A. LANTZY.
Upper Yoder township, March 3, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
JOHN BEARER.
Susquehanna township, Feb. 24, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
PATRICK E. DILLON.
Elder township, Feb. 22, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
WILLIAM J. TIERNEY.
Cambria township, Feb. 18, 1890.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Joseph F. Magee, of Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment bearing date the 24th February, 1890 has assigned to Joseph Donahoe, of like residence, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Joseph F. Magee all the estate, real and personal of the said Joseph F. Magee. All persons indebted to the said Joseph F. Magee will make immediate payment to the said assignee and those having claims against him will present the same without delay.
JOSEPH DONAHOE,
March 7, 1890.-6t. Assignee.

TRIAL LIST—SECOND WEEK.—List of causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, commencing on MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1890.

Beemer & Co	vs. Guyer.
Martin	vs. McGlade.
Ellis	vs. Greenwood.
Horner	vs. Barnhart.
Miller	vs. McGlade.
Pringle	vs. Pringle.
Gray	vs. Gray & Wayland.
McKay	vs. Anderson.
Young	vs. Johnson Steel St R'l Co
McLaughlin	vs. Rourke.
Makin	vs. Shanks et al.
Greevy	vs. Reade.
Ulman Golds Bor. Co.	vs. McGough.
Cresswell	vs. Cole.
Vogle	vs. Taylor & McCoy.
Klein	vs. Elliott.
Smucker & Co	vs. Shiffler.
Morrow	vs. Plunket.
Stonebraker	vs. Sappes.
Gallie	vs. Heumbert.
Same	vs. Same.
Ulrich	vs. Same.

JAS. C. DARBY, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 7, 1890.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

THE following persons have filed applications for license with the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county to be presented to said court on

Monday, March 17th, A. D. 1890.

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Chancy and Henry Ickes.

BARR TOWNSHIP—Tavern, Harry A. Luther.

ASHVILLE BOROUGH.—Tavern, Annie S. Brookbank, Augustine Daugherty, Richard J. Free, Michael A. O'Harra.

FIRST WARD, CAMBRIA BOR.—Tavern, George Arbaugh, Michael P. Boyle, Patrick Boyle, Christ Egar, John E. Foes, Patrick Green, John Grogan, Thomas Halloren, Solomon Haltman, Joseph T. Kelly, John Kurtz, Michael Laffey, Hugh McConnell, P. J. McLaughlin, Edward O'Neill. Brewers, Margaret Goenner.

SECOND WARD CAMBRIA, BOR.—Tavern, Mary Burkhart, John Burkhard, Augustine Heine, John Lysett, Peter Roth, Peter Toner, Henry Sally, John Sheffauer.

CARROLLTOWN BOR.—Tavern, Julia Binder, B. A. Blum, C. A. Farbaugh, John Glasser, Joseph A. Gray, A. H. Haug, Lawrence Schroth, Wm. C. and Henry H. Schrath, John Stolfz, John D. Thomas. Brewers, B. A. Blum, C. A. Farabaugh, Henry C. Schroth. Wholesale, John J. Hauck, T. S. Williams.

CARROLL TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Catherine Baker, Calistis Luther, Henry Mellon, Matthew Weakland.

CHEST TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, John R. Cordell, John Hipps, Joseph A. Warner.

CHEST SPRINGS BOR.—Tavern, John Crouse, J. B Noonan.

CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, George Harber, George Saulsby.

FIRST WARD, CONEMAUGH BOR.—Tavern, Frederick Beuller, John Bischoff, Charles Faber, P. S. Freidhoff, John Gaus, Albert K. Gulselhart, George Held, Philip Sandmaier, John Schonlau, W. H. Troxell.

SECOND WARD, CONEMAUGH BOR.—Tavern, Sarah Cavanaugh, Benjamin Kist, John Murton, William L. Wehn, John Zobel. Brewers, Chas. F Kress.

CONEMAUGH TOWNSHIP.—Brewers, Lawrence Kost.

CROYLE TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Peter Brown, Catherine Carpenter, Michael Lamb, Patrick McCall, Harry M. Graffin.

DEAN TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Anna A. Dunphy, Charles Gauntner, Hugh Hanigan.

EAST CONEMAUGH BOR.—Tavern, Michael J. Cannen, George A. A. Confer, Margaret Kelly.

EBENSBURG, WEST WARD.—Tavern, John, and Albert Bender, J. B. Denny, John S. Miller.

EBENSBURG, EAST WARD.—Tavern, L. Esterline.

ELDER TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Charles Hasnauer, Jacob Kline, Frank X. Ott, Luke A. Platt.

FRANKLIN BOR.—Tavern, Jacob Rahnite.

GALLITZIN BOR.—Tavern, Daniel C. Burk, B. E. Dignan, Charles Drass, Albert F. Fick, Michael Fitzharris, F. P. Gillespie, Andrew Keogler, Joseph M. Gunning, Arnold Loetz, Henry Seymore, John A. Smith. Brewers, George Aukenbauer. Bottlers, Thomas W. Burns, D. Lutz & Son, Anthony Padula. Wholesale, Thomas W. Burns, Allen H. Heist, D. Lutz & Son.

GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, John J. Godfrey, James Hanlon, John A. McGuire. Bottlers, H. D. Reuters. Wholesale, H. D. Reuters.

GRUBETOWN BOR.—Tavern, Catherine Ream.

HASTINGS BOR.—Tavern, Charles Kinney, Marshall Gilpatrick, Caleb A. Gray, Michael H. Nagle, John A. Parke, John A. Platt, H. J. Schettig, William Townsend, E. M. Woodin. Wholesale, Albert Deitrick.

SECOND WARD, JOHNSTOWN.—Tavern, John M. Cond, Joseph Crouse Michael Fitzharris, John Frank, Francis E. Kelly, John Kinney, David Kirby, George W. Kough, W. J. O'Donnell, Neal Sharkey, Martin A. Stack. Wholesale, John Rush.

THIRD WARD, JOHNSTOWN.—Tavern, Joseph Beiter, Teresa Clark, Obadiah Custer, William Dodson, Joshua Griffith, John J. Hornick, John B. A. James, Enoch Jones, John Kirby, Jr., Joseph Kost, Robert E. Lambert, Charles Maneval, James J Milligan, M. B. Parsons, Stephen Quirk, John V. Shaffer, Benjamin Sulka, Charles Wess. Bottlers, Charles Hofmann. Wholesale, F. S. Fisher, Iron City Brewing Co., David J. Lewis, John Ludwig & Son, D. Lutz & Son.

FOURTH WARD, JOHNSTOWN.—Tavern, Ernest Emmel, Henry Koch, Jacob Meirs, William M. Peters, Eckhardt Pfeil, Franz P. Weir. Wholesale, Frank M. Dobernick, William Thomas.

SIXTH WARD, JOHNSTOWN.—Tavern, Wm. Shaffer.

SEVENTH WARD, JOHNSTOWN.—Tavern, John H. Gerhardt, Edward Grale. Brewers, John Emmerling.

LILLY BOR.—Tavern, Jacob Beck, Geo. Brant, James A. Burke, C. A. George, Margaret Helly, John Metzgar, Sarah Mulherron, Blair Short, Theodore Sell.

LORETTO BOR.—Tavern, Florian Bengele, A. J. Christy, Charles F. O'Donnell.

FIRST WARD, MILLVILLE.—Tavern, Thos. D Broderick, Evan A. James, John J. Maloney, Michael F. Murphy, Owen McCue, William S. O'Brien. Wholesale, Robert Lidell.

SECOND WARD, MILLVILLE.—Tavern, Edward R. Adams, James P. Barnes, James Dalley, Bridget Lydon, John Hornish, Sr., John Rodgers.

PORTAGE TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Hugh Canavin, James Dailey, Albert Diehl, Peter James, John J. McDonald, Neal McGlade, Joseph McGough, Mrs. Rose McGough, Felix Toote. Wholesale, G. F. McDonald.

PROSPECT BOR.—Tavern, Mary Neary, Thomas Riley.

READE TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Michael Carroll, William Chaplin, Joseph F. Durbin, John McMullen, William Hissick, Wholesale, William Adams.

RICHLAND TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Theresa Malzie Bernard Neer.

SOUTH FORK BOR.—Tavern, W. W. Baker, Charles N. Crouse, Jacob Watterson.

SPRINGHILL TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, John Metzler, George S. Schaefer, John Watkins.

SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Simon P. Lantzy, Michael Moler.

TUNNELHILL BOR.—Tavern, Andrew Basal, Jr., J. A. Eestram, Richard Byrne, John E. Killduff, William McGough. Wholesale, R. J. Plunkett.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, John H. Clark, W. R Dunham, Charles Kinney, Martin Leap, Frank M. Leap, Dorothy Leap, Patrick R. Myers, John McKenna, Hugh O'Donnell, John McNally, Wm. J. Schwaderer. Brewers, Robert J. McNally.

WHITE TOWNSHIP.—Wholesale, W. C. Heverly.

WILMORE BOR.—Tavern, Joseph Horner, Conrad Wenderoth.

UPPER YODER TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, John Fitzharris, Charles Hochstine.

LOWER YODER TOWNSHIP.—Tavern, Jacob Albrecht, Frank Cowan, Michael Conway, Francis Leckey, John Lerditch.

JAMES C. DARBY,
Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions.

This Space Reserved for

GUS. SIMON,

—THE LEADING—

Low Price (for Cash) Merchant

—OF GALLITZIN—

Gable & Co.'s Large Stock

—OF READY-MADE—

Muslin : Underwear !

We have this season secured the best lines of all the leading and best makes of these goods and can offer you you the best assortment to select from at the lowest prices.

Night Robes at 25, 50, 58, 69, 75, 89, 95, 98c., $1.19, 1.29 to 2.25.

Skirts at 25 50 69 75 89 98c. $1.12½ 1.19 1.25 1.45 to 2.49.

Chemise at 25 39 50 59 69 75 89 98c. etc.

Corset Covers at 12½ 17 19 25 39 50 59 75 89 98c. etc.

Dressing Sacques at 98 1.29 1.39 1.75 1.89 1.98 etc.

Children's Pantalettes at 12½, 15 18 33 50c.

Children's Night Gowns at 25 45 and 50c.

Full line of Infants' Slips at 25 50 75c. etc.

Also Children's Waists, from 2 to 6 years, at 15 18 20 and 25c.

Visit our Muslin Underwear Department. Lady clerks in attendance.

Gable & Co.'s Prices:

On Heavy, Medium and Light Weight Black Jersey Coats:

One Lot at $2.00 each.
One Lot at 2.29 each.
One Lot at 2.50 each.
One Lot at 2.69 each.
One Lot at 2.98 each.
One Lot at 3.50 each.
One Lot at 4.60 each.
One Lot at 5.00 each.
One Lot at 5.50 each.
One Lot at 6.00 each.
One Lot at 6.50 each

How to Make Hot Beds.

Provide a quantity of fresh horse manure and add this, when practicable, one-third of its bulk in leaves. Mix thoroughly, tramp down and form in a large pile. In two or three days fermentation will be apparent by the escape of steam from the heap. Now turn again, and allow the heap to remain two or three days longer, or until the second fermentation begins. Make an excavation, or pit, two and a half feet deep, and of a size suited to the number of plants required. The pit will be better if built up of brick. It should be made in some dry, sheltered spot, facing the south or east if possible.

Hot bed sashes are usually six by three feet, and one sash will generally give early plants enough for a large family. The frame sashes should be eighteen inches high at the back and twelve inches in front, which will give the proper slope to catch the sunlight. Cross pieces should be placed for sashes to slide on, to facilitate opening and shutting the frames. When everything is ready the manure is placed in the pit and trodden down firmly in layers to the required depth, two to two and a half feet. Then put on the sashes, and keep the pit closed until the heat rises. At first it will probably be 100° or more, which is too hot to sow the seed in; but in two or three days it will subside to 90° or a little less, when the soil may be put on to the depth of six to eight inches. The heat may be readily ascertained by plunging a thermometer in the manure. The soil should be of well rotted sod (or common garden soil will do), mixed with about a third of fine old manure, and in this the seeds may be sown thinly in drills two or three inches apart, and afterward (as soon as out of the seed leaf) either thinned out or transplanted to another frame. Air must be given every mild day by raising the sashes at the back. Water with tepid water whenever necessary, and during cold nights and storms keep covered with straw mats or board shutters. Tomatoes, peppers and egg plants should be sown in a separate frame from the cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce, as they require more heat than the latter. The same directions may apply to hot beds made on the surface of the ground, except that the manure should be at least a foot wider on all sides than the frame.

Village Life on the Congo.

Many of the villages on the upper Congo consist merely of fifty or sixty log huts, two-thirds of the population being generally women. In many districts women are considered as currency, their value increasing as they attain a greater degree of corpulency. Each women has as many metal ornaments as she can wear, some composed of iron, others of brass and copper. These metals are the money of the country, so that the more a woman can heap upon herself the greater becomes her value. Each chief has as many wives as he can afford to buy or marry, which is only another form of purchase. Early in the morning few of these women are to be found in the villages, as they start off at daybreak to work in their plantations, and do not return until about noon. However, a few always have to remain to attend to the necessary domestic items of life, such as cooking and their toilet. These Central Africans are very particular in all items in connection with their toilet, which consists of plaiting their hair, shaving off the eyebrows, pulling out the eyelashes, cutting their nails right down to the quick, and besmearing their bodies with a mixture of palm-oil and camwood.

In another part of the village are seen some of the villagers engaged in making fishing-nets and basket-work, and being helped by the young boys of the village, who become initiated into these crafts at a very early age. Again, under some shady tree, in another corner of the manufacture of pottery. In this they display a great knowledge of their work, mixing the different clays so as to stand firing. They have no moulds—nothing but the practiced eye and hand to assist them, and it is really wonderful to see a lump of clay, in the hands of an African savage, moulded, in the space of a few minutes, into a article of pottery, rendered really artistic by its neatness and tasteful design.

A busy nook in a village is always the blacksmith's shop, generally merely a grass roof supported on bare poles. Like the corresponding institution of civilized life, it is the resort of local gossipers.

A Good Substitute for an Overcoat.

Gen. Bussey, the assistant secretary of the Interior, has a somewhat novel use for newspapers. The other day when the weather was sharp he was preparing to go out of the department building for lunch. A Washington *Star* reporter who happened to be in the room at the time was surprised to see him unbutton the lower buttons of his vest, fold up a newspaper and, placing it over his abdomen, button the vest over it. "I always do that," he said in reply to a surprised inquiry from the reporter, "when I am going to be out in the cold. The newspaper is a non-conductor of heat, and when placed over the stomach preserves the supply in what has been called the reservoir of heat of the body. A newspaper is a good substitute for an overcoat, and in cold weather is the best device that people with scanty wardrobes can adopt. Insufficient bedclothing can be reinforced in the same way, and the newspaper may be said to be the poor man's friend in more senses than one. When chilled by sudden cold a newspaper placed over the stomach soon restores the normal temperature of the body and prevents an attack of pneumonia. I have frequently recommended this use of newspapers, but I find that practically very few people really appreciate its value."

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

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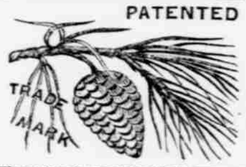

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

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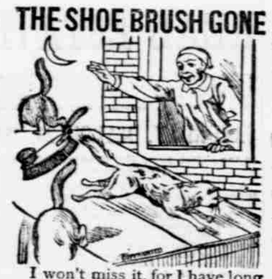
THE SHOE BRUSH GONE



I won't miss it, for I have long since adopted an easier and cleanlier way. A bottle of
Wolff's ACME Blacking
and a sponge to keep my shoes washed clean, save a deal of labor and shoe leather.
Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.
The best Harness Dressing in the world.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA

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SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Liberal Pay Weekly. Will pay salary, but can give something better to workers. No experience needed. Write FRED. E. YOUNG, Nursery man, Rochester, N. Y. A PRESENT. If you become my agent and sell $100, will give $2 for copy of this ad. Cut this out.
Dec. 6, '86.—2m.

A Pack Peddler Family.

A New York dispatch of February 23, says that John Jacob Astor, the head of the richest family in America, died suddenly at his home in that city at 4 o'clock Saturday morning. Deceased was 65 years old and his wealth was estimated at $200,000,000. William Waldorf Astor, the only son, will inherit the bulk of the fortune and will succeed his father as head of the Astor family. The deceased was the grandson of John Jacob Astor, one of the numerous children of a peasant of Waldorf, Germany. He came to America when Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the colonies in 1783, and for a time worked in a baker shop at $2 a week. He afterwards put a pack on his back and traded gew-gaws for furs with the Indians, in which business and other cunning devices, yet known and practiced by tin pack peddlers, he amassed wealth and invested it in real estate in New York city when this property was cheap. By the increase of value in the land it is now valued at about $250,000,000, of which the latest John Jacob held $200,000,000. Moral: If you respect wealth don't spurn the pack peddler from your door; on the contrary receive him with open arms and let him cheat you. For, observe, that the man with a pack on his back, and plenty of cunning in his eye, and avarice thoroughly developed, may be the founder of the "leading family" of a commercial metropolis of one hundred years hence. Of such are many "leading" families in a country where wealth is uppermost and merit alone is a handicap that relegates the possessor to a back seat, away out of sight of the front occupied by the nobility of the republic.

The probability that if there have been any Indians at the ear of St. Peter the original John Jacob has not felt the need of furs he dealt in while on earth in the quarters he has occupied in death.

No Thieves In Wall Street

Inspector Byrnes, in his *Professional Criminal of America*, gives a list of one hundred banks which thieves either rifled or attempted to rob between November, 1862, and February, 1885. Ten of these were in the city of New York.

Owing to the thoroughly efficient detective system established in Wall street, the depredations of the bank sneaks have been summarily ended in that locality. These daring villians are "all men of education, pleasing address, good personal appearance, and are faultless in their attire. Cool, quick, resolute, and acting in concert, one may be on the lookout, a second engaged in interesting conversation with a bank officer or officers, and a third stealthily creeping behind the counter and capturing the cash or a bundle of bonds. Or the last may obtain access to the vault, from which he purloins whatever he may deftly conceal or carry off, while his confederates monopolize the attention of the clerks. One of the most daring bank snatchers in the city effected two robberies in the course of a single day. Entering one bank he leaped to the top of a partition seven feet high, leaned over, snatched two packages of bills containing $1,000 each, and escaped. A little later he climbed on the counter of another bank, captured several thousand dollars, and again escaped. Similar success attended the bold miscreant in his subsequent attempt to escape from the Court of General sessions. He is now in jail.

Eating the First Oyster.

It has been often said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster eating to a very natural cause.

It is related that a man, walking one day, picked up one of these savory bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shells, he inserted his finger between them that he might feel their shining surface. when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated.

The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them into their mouths; but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate.

The owner of the finger tasted the oyster juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elias' essay having burnt his finger first tasted crackling. The savor was delicious; he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oysters, forced open the shells, banqueted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster eating into fashion.

And, unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likkely to go out.

How Gold Rings are Made.

Gold rings are made from bars nine to fifteen inches long, two inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, is worth $1,000, and will make 300 four pennyweight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes' time are required to convert this bar into merchantable rings. First a pair of shears cuts the bar into strips; then by the turn of a wheel a guillotine-like blade attached to the machine cuts the bar into slices, one, two, or three-sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine next presses out the slices and makes them either flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under a blow pipe and annealed. The oxide of copper comes to the surface, and is put into a pickle of sulphuric acid, after which the ring is stamped "14k," "16k," or "18k," according to quality. Next it is put through a machine which bends it into the shape of a ring of the size desired. The ends are then soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people think that rings are molded because they can't see where they are soldered. The ring spins through the turning lathe, is rounded, pared, and polished, first with steel filings, then with tripoli and rouge.

ANY ONE CAN DYE
DIAMOND DYES
A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc. | *Any Color* FOR TEN CENTS
and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the color the BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

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Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

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A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.
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DO IT NOW
With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

Paine's Celery Compound
combines true nerve tonic and strengthening qualities, restoring the energies and spirits.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of difficulties. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one full bottle the long tormenting symptoms began to subside, and I can truly say now, that I feel like a new man. Digestion has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound."
HONESTUS STEARNS, Felchville, Vt.
$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.
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BY USING THE
BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER
IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.

Purifies by Aeration.

Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 40 ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No suckers or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 36 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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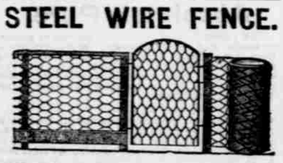

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Both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

Preparations for Spring Work.

Except in the extreme North fowls seem to suffer more from dampness than from cold; therefore in building a poultry house care should be taken to select a dry locality, on the South side of a hill if possible, where all the rain can run off naturally. Such a place could be made a model poultry yard, provided a wind-break be planted toward the north and west, and plenty of fruit trees on the other two sides to furnish shade and fruit for the fowls in summer—not too many, else they will make the ground damp and unwholesome; the sun should be able to shine on every foot of it several hours each day. Do not let the fowls have access to any low places where the water stands after a rain; they are so fond of variety that they will leave their clean drinking troughs to slake their thirst at the most impure and uninviting mud-puddle. Like children, the only way to keep them healthy is to put all hurtful things out of their reach. The yard should be swept now and then, the hen house cleaned once a week, and the manure carried off to a place where the fowls have no access.

If the poultry house has no door, eggs will batch better if the nests are made directly on the ground; scoop out the earth to the requisite size, and line with a handful of soft grass or leaves. Made in this way the embryo chicks will not only absorb enough moisture to sustain life, but the eggs will escape the danger of being shaken every time the hen flies upon the shelf to return to her nest. If, however, the poultry house contains a floor, then make the nests on low shelves having strong, steady supports. They should be constructed so as to be easily taken apart and thoroughly cleansed; stationary nests are not so good, neither is it advisable to have two of them fastened together. As is often the case, the simplest and most inexpensive ones are preferable. A very good plan is to have boxes about six inches deep, with neither top nor bottom, placed on a board one or two feet from the floor. This arrangement costs so little that one can afford to have two sets and keep one out sunning all the time. A handful of trashy tobacco, stalks or stems, placed in the bottom of the nest, will prevent the vermin from troubling the sitting hens, and immediately after the first hatching the old nest should be removed and replaced with a new one. I am satisfied that a neglect of this precaution is the reason why so many setting hens die on their nests.

How to Make Life Happy.

Take time; it is no use to foam and fret, or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex you and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.

Show your sense by saying much in few words.

Try to speak some kind word or do some kind deed each day of your life. You will be ample repaid.

Set your work to song.

Beauty of an Egyptian Landscape.

I can hardly describe the beauty of Egyptian landscape, says Frank Carpenter, in the American Agriculturist. There are no fences, and the farms and fields are separated only by the character of the crops and the canals. There are no barns nor houses in the fields, which are so small and so rich in their crops, that they make the whole country look like a vast garden. Everything grows like the famous gourd of Johnah. The patches of clover bend their heads over the weight of sweetness, the cotton in the patch bursts forth in its pods of whiteness, and beds of heavy green point out the rich coming harvests of beans. There are few trees to be seen, only here and there a cluster of tall palms marks the site of a mud farming village, and a grove of date trees reminds you that you are in the tropics.

Sharp Trading.

A gentleman, seeing too sharpers, and wishing to know who made the best bargain, asked one:

"How much did you sell the horse for Sam?"

"Five dollars."

"Oh, Sam, how could you do that?"

"Oh, the horse is lame, sir."

The gentleman then said to the other sharper:

"How could you buy that horse, Jim? It is lame."

"Nev r you mind; it is only the bad shoeing that makes it lame."

The gentleman then called Sam again:

"Sam, the horse is not lame, only badly shod."

"No, sir; I only had it badly shod to deceive the buyer."

The gentleman spoke to Jim again:

"Say, the shoe was badly put on to deceive you."

"You never mind, sir;

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis. while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, us Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. J T Davison.

Tutt's Pills
stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an
ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.
In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25cts.
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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
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"COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.
offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the Rubber from slipping off.
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"ADHESIVE CUSHIONS"
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Odds and Ends.

For calves give a feed of [illegible] corn meal and ground oats.

The best of all foods for stock [illegible] good ration of hay morning and [illegible] along with a ration of grain.

Bran should be a part of the [illegible] of all classes of live stock, for [illegible] should be fed in connection with [illegible] grain or cut feed.

The fence corners should be as [illegible] as any other portion of the farm, [illegible] are the harboring places of vermin [illegible] a fruitful source of weeds.

Now that the ground is cold [illegible] safely prune the vines and [illegible] Young trees may be trimmed to [illegible] and out-door work be given the [illegible] chard.

One gallon of red paint and five [illegible] lons of crude petroleum, well [illegible] claimed to be the cheapest paint [illegible] can be made. It is also very dur[illegible]

Feed chopped scrap beef to the [illegible] if you wish them to lay. Liver [illegible] fresh blood are also excellent egg-[illegible] pucing foods.

Inherent defects should be avoi[illegible] The poultry fanciers have cro[illegible] breast-bone or a wry tail on a [illegible] transmitted to all the chicks. Av[illegible] avoid deformities or enfeebled con[illegible] tions in birds or animals.

Stopped Her Merriment.

Four bright-eyed little shop [illegible] boarded a Clark street grip car rec[illegible] just as it started into the tunnel, [illegible] sat all in a row near the rear [illegible] They all drew out their purses to[illegible] and each produced five pennies [illegible] their fare. The conductor was [illegible] front end of the car collecting [illegible]

"Oh, say, girls," exclaimed one [illegible] mure little miss, when she saw [illegible] great wealth of copper about to b[illegible] stowed on the unhappy conductor's [illegible] mean of us to give him all these [illegible] nies. It bothers him awfully to g[illegible] of them, for the company won't [illegible] pennies from him. My brother [illegible] to be a conductor and he told me [illegible] it."

"It's too bad," said another gir[illegible] ing down again for a bill of exch[illegible] "I'll give him a nickel."

"So will I," remarked the third [illegible]

"You girls havn't a little b[illegible] nerve," exclaimed the last gir[illegible] freckle-faced maiden with a pug [illegible] "Give me the pennies and I'll ge[illegible] he gets them."

The pennies were turned over to [illegible] conspirator awaited her victim.

On the seat opposite the girls [illegible] thin-faced, black eyed little w[illegible] who nearly went into convulsio[illegible] merriment at the prospect of the [illegible] ductor's discomfort. And when [illegible] came along and the mischievous [illegible] poured the pennies into his [illegible] the black-eyed woman snickered [illegible] loud. Calming herself for a mo[illegible] she paid her fare, handing the co[illegible] tor a quarter. He took it, dumpe[illegible] twenty pennies into her lap, and [illegible] about his business.

And the rest of the way th[illegible] the tunnel the deadly liquid fire [illegible] glances she shot at the four little [illegible] girls dimmed the lustre of the e[illegible] lights in the roof of the car.

SAVED BY SEAWEED.—The [illegible] India ship Anahuac was saved [illegible] foundering on a recent voyage [illegible] most curious manner. On the [illegible] second day out from Ceylon it wa[illegible] ticed that the vessel was leaking. [illegible] leak gradually increased off the [illegible] of Good Hope after a severe wi[illegible] gale with a mountinous sea. [illegible] water gained rapidly and the co[illegible] the vessel was turned toward St. [illegible] ns. But still the leak increased [illegible] twenty inches per hour, and Ca[illegible] Welden seriously contemplated [illegible] doning the vessel, and he would [illegible] able have done so had not the [illegible] reached the gulf stream current, [illegible] the drift seaweed worked itself [illegible] the crevices of the ship's bottom [illegible] ping the leak and giving all ha[illegible] opportunity to rest. As long as [illegible] ble the vessel was kept in the [illegible] current of water and then her [illegible] was shaped toward the Capes. On [illegible] riving off the coast the leak agai[illegible] creased, and when found by th[illegible] Hercules off the Capes of Delawa[illegible] ship was leaking at the rate of [illegible] four inches per hour. To the [illegible] seaweed alone do the owners ow[illegible] salvation of one of the finest ves[illegible] the world's merchant marine, and [illegible] of the most valuable cargoes a s[illegible] vessel has ever brought to Am[illegible] She had on board over 4,000 t[illegible] Ceylon spices valued at $1,000,00[illegible]

The House of Hapsburg.

Rudolph, of Hapsburg, born M[illegible] 1218, was the founder of the Hou[illegible] Hapsburg. For five hundred yea[illegible] decendants were Emperors of Ger[illegible] and one of them is Emperor of Au[illegible] Rudolph was chosen Emperor in [illegible] of great lawlessness, not because h[illegible] a great lord, but because he was a [illegible] right and brave man. It is relate[illegible] him that once when he was hunti[illegible] the mountains he found a priest wh[illegible] carrying the sacrament to a dying [illegible] son, stopped by a swollen brook. [illegible] dolph dismounted and made the p[illegible] ride his horse across the brook and [illegible] destination. When the priest sou[illegible] horse back Rudolph would not tak[illegible] saying that the horse that had c[illegible] his Lord was too good for him to [illegible] any more.

A Baby's Foot in a Sea Shell.

George W. Fox, of Redwood [illegible] California, has in his possession o[illegible] the most remarkably curiosities [illegible] found on the Pacific coast—be[illegible] more or less than an abalone she[illegible] the interior of which, firmly embo[illegible] by's shoe and stocking. The